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Choice Poetry.

BLESSED BE GOD FOR FLOWERS.

The author of this sweet poem is, we are informed, Mr. C. Tinsley. It was suggested by seeing a lady fondly with flowers in in hand.

Blessed be God for flowers!
Bright, gentle, holy thoughts that breathe
And their odorous beauty, like a wreath
Of sweetness on his brow!

Lightly upon thine eye
Falls the noonside sleep, nor seems bold;
Through the parted tape the bloom, rance kissed,
Comes, like a summer sigh.

"Breathe death into the World
And all our woe!"

That serpent must be Clinton, that Lucifer, that son of the morning, that seeming angel of light. Thus, in the excitement of his anger, he fashioned the tempter, which, after all, might be innocent of all guile, and free from all transgression.

Crushing the papers in his hand, he saw a line which had escaped his eye before. It was this:

"I cannot tell you where to address me, as we are now on the wing. I shall write again soon."

"So he places himself beyond the reach of admonition and remedy," thought Mr. Gleason. "Oh! Louis, had your mother lived, how would her heart have been wrung by the knowledge of your aberration from rectitude! And how will the kind and noble soul who fills that one's place in our affections and home, mourn over her wood, and degenerate boy!"

Yes! she did mourn, but not without hope. She had too much faith in God and his word not to believe him capable of deliberate transgression. She knew his ardent temperament, his restless spirit, and did not think it strange that he should be led into temptation. He must not be condemned, unheard, when he had been once betrayed. Neither would she suffer an dark a cloud of suspicion to rest upon Clinton. It was unjust to suppose that he was not surrounded by so many young, and doubtless, evil companions. He regretted Louis's subjection among them, since it had had so unhappy an influence on Mittie, but it was cowardly to condemn a friend face to face, and then show face their hospitable smiles had so lately beamed. If he had done so, he was but a small property of his own. She insisted upon drawing on this for the amount necessary to settle the bills of Louis. She had reserved it for the children's use, and perhaps when Louis was reduced to his last resource, and assistance came, he would blush for the drain, and shame would restrain him from these base indulgences. Mr. Gleason was not easily believed. The cloud lighted up, and if it did not entirely pass away, glimpses of steadfast were soon breaking through.

And this was the woman whom Mittie disdained to honor with the title of mother!

Helen had recovered from the double shock of the unlooked-for sight and sudden news of departure, but she was not the same Helen that she was before. Her childhood was gone. The future lay before her, and although it had its soft, genial sunshine, but tears upon by the sternest realities. Her heart was pierced and rent Arthur Hazleton with the innocent fondness which had made their intercourse so delightful. If he took back all that he implied and withdrew it. If also not his eye she blushed, and turned away her glance—that eye, which though it flashed not with the fires of passion, had such depth, and strength, and intensity in its expression, that her susceptible soul was contagious, and constraint and reserve took the place of confidence and happiness. Now, like the semi-transparent drapery over a beautiful picture, which suffers the lineaments to be traced, while it veils the splendor and brightness of life are chilled and obscured.

The contrast was so sudden and strange as if they were the inmates of different abodes. Mrs. Gleason had prepared a room for Helen adjoining her own, that she might be near her charge as far as possible from Mittie's dagger tongue. Thus Helen was left to the stillness of the second, and which no one seemed disposed to disturb. She remained the most of her time in her own room, where the family gathered for a social tea table, where she appeared more like a stranger than a member of a home. She seemed to take no interest in anything around her, nor did she seek to inspire any. She looked pale and frightened. Clinton's sojourn shade dimmed the brilliancy of her dazzling eyes.

"You look pale, my daughter," her father would sometimes say. "I fear you are not well."

"I am perfectly well," she would answer, with a shudder at the cold and distant, sympathy was at once repelled.

"Will you not sit with us?" Mrs. Gleason would frequently ask, as she looked fondly upon the blessing grace of his manners, he could recall a thousand reminiscences which had powerfully made an impression on his mind. He blessed himself for the choice of his wife, and for such close intimacy with one, of whose parentage and early history he knew nothing. He blessed Providence for permitting his daughter such unrestricted intercourse with a young man whose principles were fixed, whose character was pure, for consenting to the departure of Louis with a companion, in whose principles he had confidence, and who would not leave Louis to the mercy of the world, and to his own heavy doubts. Why had he suffered this thought to steal around the household in such and shining coils, increasing himself more and deeper into the heart, and binding the affections with a cord which could not break, and the will that might resist his sorcery?

The blended one moment for his weakness, the cloud shrouded himself for the harshness of his reproof, and he was overwhelmed with his own sins. The first letter which he received from Louis, did not recount the temptations to which Clinton had changed his place. He did not intend to return immediately to Virginia, but would visit some of the principal cities of the North before he had neglected for the charming home which he had left behind. He was overwhelmed with gratitude on the advantages of travelling with such a companion, of the fine opportunity he had of seeing something of the world, and of making the student's monotonous and secluded life more full and interesting. Mr. Gleason's heart, contracted at college, of whose existence the father was perfectly unconscious. Louis's letter had been written in the morning, most interested in expression, and the sunlight established in its place. Louis, Louis, you should have said *dated* your letter before the departure. Its writer himself upon the indulgence of a parent, he knew would be so ready to pardon the slight omission, and the sunlight streamed through the which youth was exposed, when deprived of parental guidance.

The letter dropped from Mr. Gleason's hand. dact stood gathered on his brow. A sharp pain darted through his heart. His son, his intelligent, noble, high-minded boy had deceived him—betrayed his confidence, and wasted, with the recklessness of a spendthrift, money to which he had no legitimate claims.

When Louis entered college, and during the whole course of his education there, Mr. Gleason had designed his accuracy expenses, and supplied him liberally with spending money.

"Keep out of debt, my son," was his constant advice. "In every unexpected emergency apply to me. Debt unnecessarily incurred is both dishonorable and disgraceful. When a boy contracts debts unknown to his parents, they are associated with shame and sin. Beware of temptation."

Mr. Gleason was not rich. He was engaged in merchandise, and had at his command sufficient for the support of his family, sufficient to supply every want, and gratify every wish within the bounds of reason; but he had nothing to throw away, nothing to scatter broad-cast beneath the plough-share of ruin. He did not believe that his Louis had fallen into disobedience and error without a guide in sin. Like Eve, he had been beguiled by a serpent, and he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of forbidden knowledge, whose taste

"Brought death into the World
And all our woe!"

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gloom of his brow, and the inquietude of his eye betrayed the anxiety and grief reaking within.

Helen knew not the contents of her brother's letter, nor the secret cause of grief that preyed on her father's mind, but his silence and silence were trials ever which she openly and daily mourned with deep and increasing sorrow.

"We shall hear from him to-morrow. He will come to-morrow." This was the nightly lullaby to her disappointed and murmuring heart.

Mittie likewise repeated to herself the same refrain. "He will come to-morrow. He will write to-morrow." But it was not of Louis that the prophecy was breathed. It was of another, who had long since left her daylight.

Helen had not forgotten her old friend Miss Thusa, whom the rigors of winter rendered more closely then ever to her lonely cabin. Almost every day she visited her, and every day the evening found them seated with book and visitor hung from the trees, there was a path through the woods, printed with any footsteps, that showed where Helen had walked. Mr. Glen son supplied the solitary spinster with wood ready cut for the hearth, but her cottage had all with dark red tar, and furnished her with many comforts and luxuries. He never forget her devoted attachment to his dead wife, who had commended to his care and kindness the orphan child, whose birth on her lying-in bed. Gleason frequently accompanied Helen in her visits, and as Miss Thusa did, "drew a chair with full hands and left a full heart behind her." Helen sometimes playfully asked her to tell her the story of her shortcomings, but she could not put her off with a shake of the head, saying—"she should hear it by and bye, when the right time was at hand."

"But when is the right time, Miss Thusa?" asked Helen. "I begin to think it is to-morrow."

"To-morrow never comes," replied Miss Thusa, solemnly, "but death does. When his footsteps cross the old stile and tramp over the rocks in the stone stream, I'll tell you about the ancient manchee. It won't do any good till then, and you are too young yet. I feel better than I did in Autumn, and may last longer than I thought I should—but, perhaps, when the ground shows in the Spring the old tree will loosen and fall—or break off suddenly near the root. I have seen such things in my day."

"Oh! Miss Thusa," said Helen, "I never want to hear anything about it, if its history is to be such as to indeed I do not."

"Only if you should marry, child, before I die," continued Miss Thusa, smartly, "you shall know then. It is not very probable that such will be the case; but it is astonishing how people will change their minds in a couple of days."

"It will be a long time before I shall think of marrying, Miss Thusa," answered Helen, laughing. "I believe I will live as you do, in a cottage of my own, with my book for company and familiar friend."

"It is not such as you that are born to live alone," said the spinster, passing her hand lovingly over Helen's fair, warm cheek. "You are one that was made to be loved, and must have one upon. No, no—don't talk in that way. I don't mean married. It don't come from the heart. Now I was made to be by myself. I don't understand it myself, but I was born with—much less all the days of my life. They may say this is sour grapes, and call me an old maid, but I don't care for that. I have lived my own way, and I know it is a strange one, and that is why I never could have found any body to have his. You laugh, child. I hope you will never find it out to your cost. But you haven't any will of your own; so it will be all as it should be, after all."

"What makes your cheeks redden so, and your heart flutter like a bird caught in a snare?" said the spinster, looking thoughtfully, almost sorrowfully into Helen's soft, loving, hazel eyes. "*That step* doesn't come up the hard walk—but I'll tell you about it. You know it is an array of tea thereand."

The door opened and Arthur Hazleton entered. The day was cold, and a comfortable fire blazed in the chimney. The fire-beams that played around Helen's glowing cheeks might account for its burning rose, for it even-tasting words. I leave you in the society of father or mother, brother or sister—without any one to love or have you. Last night I had a dream, and you know God's will was there known in dreams, to holy men of old. There seems in my dream, an aged man, with a beard as white as ermine, that hung down like a banner over his breast, with a wand in his right hand, and stood beside my bed.

"'Hear me words,' he exclaimed, in a solemn voice, 'and tell them to the sons. What you are dead and gone, let him gird himself for a long pilgrimage. If he was here, he will be tempted into a terrible desert. Bruin from it every thorn, he must travel through the world till he finds a young maiden's warm, loving heart—and the maiden must be his and good, and be willing to let the hide enter her bosom, and her heart be taken from loving home. And then he must travel further still, till a white dove shall come from the East, and fold its wings on his breast. If you would save your kingdom and your son, command him to do this. It is the will of the Most High.'

"The old man departed, but his words remained like thunder in my ears. *Obey him*, my son, the vision came from above.

"The young Prince saw his father laid in the tomb, then prepared himself for his pilgrimage. He did not like the idea of being buried with snakes, neither did he like the thought of taking the heart of a young and innocent maiden, if he should find one willing to make the sacrifice, which he did not believe. The Prince had a bright eye and a light step, and he was crossed in brave attire, and had his sword girded out of the windows as he passed along, and the young men sighed with envy. He came to a great palace, and heard a King's song, he thought he had a right to enter it; and there he saw a beautiful, beautiful lady, all shining with diamonds and pearls. There was a great feast waiting in the hall, and she asked him to stay, but he passed the feast by and drank, and gave him many glasses of wine, as red as rubies. After he had eaten and drank, and had been pressed, he did it, he begged for her heart, the heart glistening in his eyes for sorrow. She smiled, and said that it was the heart of a dove, with a sinking hand he took a knife, and aimed it at her bosom, she screamed, and fainted out of the hall, as if the evil one was behind her—Don't interrupt me, child,—don't—I shall forget what I'm telling. The Prince went on his way, thinking the old man had sent him on the fools errand—but he found a young Queen dead father, saving he was a King. It would take me from sea to sea to tell of all the places and things he saw and heard. At last he got very tired and sorrowful, and sat down by the wayside and wept, thinking he would rather turn to marble at once, than live by such a terrible reward. He saw a little robin close by, but he had hardly strength to reach it, and he thought he would stay there and do.

"What makes you weep?" said a voice so sweet he thought it was music itself, and looking up, he saw a young maiden, who had come up a path behind him, with a pitcher of water on her head. She was beautiful and she to speak. She offered him water to drink, and told him if he would go with her to the little cabin, her mother would give him something to eat, and a bed to lie upon, for the night-dew was beginning to fall. He had not on his fine dress at this time, having changed it for that of a young peasant, thinking perhaps he would succeed better in disguise. So he followed her steps, and they gave him milk, and bread, and honey, and a nice bed to sleep upon, though it was of leaves thousand. And there he lay till sick, and they nursed him day after day, and brought him back to health. The young maiden grew more lovely in his eyes, and her voice sounded more and more sweet to his ear. Sometimes he thought of the sacrifice he was to ask, but he could not do it. No, he would die first. One day she sat down with the long, white bead cane, in his dream, to his bedside. He looked dark and frowning.

"'This is the maiden,' he cried, 'your pilgrimage is ended here. Do as then act bolden, and then I must wait.'

"When the morning came, he was pale and sad, and the young girl was pale and sad from sympathy. Then the Prince knelt down at her feet, and told her the history of his father's dream and his own, and of his careening grief and bitter sorrow. He wept, but the maiden smiled, and she looked like an angel with that sweet smile on her face.

"'My heart is yours,' she said, 'I give it freely and cheerfully. Drain from it every drop of blood, if you will—I care not, so it save you from perishing.'

"Then the eyes of the young Prince shone out like the sun after a storm, and drawing his dagger from his bosom, he—

"Stop, Miss Thusa—don't go on," interrupted Helen, pale with emotion. "I cannot bear to hear it. It is too awful. I asked you for something beautiful, and you have chosen the most terrible theme. Don't finish it."

"Is there not something beautiful," said the spinster, looking down, and addressing herself her in a low voice—"is there not something beautiful in such pure and self-sacrificing love? I have stored it away in my heart that thrills responsive as you listen! Oh, Helen—I am sure you could devote yourself for one you loved."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, forgetting, in her excitement, all her natural timidity. "I could do it joyfully, gladly! Death from it every drop of blood, if you will—I care not, so it save you from perishing."

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"Then saying he departed, but strange to tell, as he was speaking, his face was all the time growing younger and fairer, his white beard gradually disappeared, and as he went through the door, a pair of white wings, tipped with gold, began to flutter on his shoulders. Then they knew it was the angel that had been with them, and they bowed themselves down to the floor and trembled. In three days more of my telling you, that the Prince married the maiden, and lived happily ever after."

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"Thank you," said Helen, "I know the world not refuse. Now please tell us some thing gentle and beautiful—something that will make us better and happier. Idiocie, you have never appear till darkness comes. The angels do."

Miss Thusa sat looking into the fire, with a musing, dreamy expression, or rather on the ashes, which formed a gray bed around the burning coals. Her thoughts were, however, evidently wandering inward, through the dim streets and shadowy aisles of that Herculaneum of the soul—memory.

Arthur laid his hand with an admonishing motion on Helen, whose lips parted to speak, and the trio sat in silence for a few moments,

Our Picture Gallery.

THE VIVANDIERE AT PARIS.

This is a characteristic sketch of a vivandiere of the National Guards in the streets of Paris, with a fair *Vivandière*, or outler, that is, a female who follows the troops, and provides them with refreshment. The *Vivandière* and the young officer are foremost in the picture: but there are other characters—as the young *garde*, already feeling the heat of service; another more at ease, with his *tabatière*; and a "dandy" installed on his divan, and, as far as can be seen, enjoying his meal. The cavalry officer, the guns, and the spectators in the balcony are good accessories, and the whole is a scene of actual life. These vivandieres are, we believe, often quite pretty and pure-minded girls.

Pictures of Life.

SOCIETY IN ITALY.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Two or three years ago, I enjoyed an opportunity, which rarely falls to the lot of strangers, of becoming acquainted with the domestic habits and manners of Italy. An invitation from my uncle, an English merchant of Ancona, to spend a few months there with his family, was gladly accepted. My experience of Italy consisted of a gay Winter in Florence and the early Spring days at Rome, and I was still young and enthusiastic enough to accept with delight any proposal which tended to increase my acquaintance with the country that had so much enchanted me. It was therefore with a light heart that I found myself, one lovely autumnal morning, the fortnight after my visit to Rome before I had time to quit in Florence to the care of an English lady, who, with her two daughters, was going to Ancona, in order to embark from thence for Smyrna, where her husband was established.

About ten, we reached Forli, the first of three large, deserted, decaying cities which are to be met with at every fifteen or twenty miles distance in the Roman States, and which, in their grass-grown streets, their ruined palaces and ragged, idle population, give a more striking testimony to the workings of the dominant system, than the most heart-sickening spectacle could achieve. Anger sauntered through the dreary town, in which many the houses were closed, and all those were the rising generation—the gentry and nobility of Forli. I say one of the calculationally, because another, who had come out to us near the theatre, was occupied solely in the contemplation of a dilapidated wall, crowned by any of the citizens. Priests, soldiers, and beggars struggled about the streets, the last besieging chiefly the cafés and church doors, and exhibiting their withered limbs and disfigured faces as an incentive to the compassion of the charitably disposed. Near the chief square, and evidently the fashionable locality, was a handsome modern building, the front of a bakery, in a threadless livery-coat hanging down to his heels, with a faded gold band round his hat, and altogether with such an air of dignity and importance as rendered the office of examining traditional dignity pitifully ridiculous. The only public building that looked flourishing or in good repair was the theatre, which subsequent observations have shown me to be the case in most, if not all of the towns in Papal States. At Cesena, for instance, which was our next halting-place, a new opera-house, apparently just completed, was shown to us, as the creation of which the municipality—of course with the approbation of the Government at Rome—had expended a very large sum; while the town bore the semblance of a vast hospital, in its neglected, ruinous, and filthy state of human wretchedness, lying bedridden together by night beneath a miserable cover, and by day shocking every sense by the display of their wounds, sad-sickness, and suffering.

But I was digressing, and must return to Forli, and to our hotel of La Posta, where we dined in a very large hall that must have been a banqueting-room centuries ago. Our places were laid at one end of a long table, the other extremity of which was soon occupied by several white-coated Austrian infantry officers, belonging to a regiment which had been for some months before had entered Romagna. They came in clanking their swords, and speaking in a loud, unrebuking tone, evidently being in the habit of frequenting the house, to judge by the manner in which the waiters hurried to attend themselves. They were fortunately too far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to chase the waiters, which they did in consequence of the latter's inattention to their orders. These remarks were generally premised with, "Voi pezzo d'Italiano," or something equally complimentary, and were loud and lasting. But this was nothing to what occurred about the middle of the repast, when a party of Italians, two ladies and a gentleman, evidently of the upper class, one fellow-traveller at the mountain-inn, entered and sat down opposite to us, waiting till their dinner should be brought, for each party was separately served.

Though they spoke low, and with an evident desire to avoid notice, the unaccustomed ear detected to what nation they belonged, as I listened by their whispering and gesticulating amongst themselves, and frequent bold glances towards the new-comers. After a little time their mirth grew more effusive; and, under the unwarrantable height, when one of the party proposed a toast, which, though addressed to the whole room, was so tragically denounced, and said him if he could tell him in what light he was! "Thank you," answered the Italian, in a low, sad tone. "I am neither chest, grave a shade paler, but he spoke no reply, as he turned to his companions, and called for coffee and cigars."

I cannot describe what I felt during this scene for the cruel outrage on the feelings of the family who sat opposite to us. When the Italians were palpably provoked with our behavior, the brow of the gentleman grew dark and lowering, and I saw by the strong beatings of the chest, and heavy compression of the lips, that he, unarming struggles were at work. The ladies exchanged glances—that of pity for one of the two who sat beside him, and who, I afterwards discovered to be his wife, and her hand upon his arm, and looked into his face with a fondness. I never shall forget the look—indignation, scorn, and contempt, but all very quiet, and there. He shrank from her touch, as if irritated at a movement that might call further attention to his position; but the indignation, instead of growing to resolute himself, he whispered a few words into her ear, accompanied by a look with a slight movement of the shoulders, with which an Italian always indicates helplessness or despair.

As I am not going to give a journal of our stay, I must hurry over many events that could scarcely seem idea of the state of the country which we traversed, I shall hasten over the two following days. We passed through Rimini, La Cattolica, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia —all names which once belonged to history, but now may be briefly classed in the same category of ruin and debasement—and found ourselves, at the close of the fourth day, in sight of the place of our destination—Ancona, the third city in the Roman States.

On we went through a handsome gate, where the usual formalities of passports had to be endured: and then along a sunny road of esplanade, with the sea on one side and dirty houses on the other; and through a low narrow archway in a huge blank wall, and we were fairly in Ancona, the Doric city, as it is admiringly called by its inhabitants, "the everything else" country of its whip, the horses did their best to gallop, the dog barked, and we plunged out and joined through the steep narrow streets in right good style, till we drew up in front of the hotel of La Pace, the Venetian's of Ancona.

Our arrival apparently had been expected, for the door was half-naked, black-haired porters *et fundone*, who had acted as our running-footmen from the gate, now shouted, as soon as they came within hearing, that the hôtels del Signor Carlo was come; and instantly there was a rush made by some hurrahs were issuing before the inn in the direction opposite. Meanwhile, a bevy of waiters flung open the door, and with many bows saluted the slight, graceful Signor Carlo had apprised them we were coming, and that rooms were ready for the lady and her daughters. By this, I began to comprehend that Signor Carlo must mean my uncle, Mr. Charles B——, whom I was not prepared to hear so unceremoniously designated at once, but before I had time to further on this peculiarity, the person in question made his appearance, attended by a numerous staff of small boys and porters, who at once broke out in furious alternation with those they knew and were entitled to our service. My uncle seemed perfectly at his ease amidst this uproar, tucked my arm under his, saw my boxes safe on the shoulders of three or four lusty, strong-limbed *facchini*, stamped and waved at once of the most refractory, and then observing we should be late for dinner, and that my cousins were impatient to see me, hurried me up the most beautiful ascent—a valley of steps, in fact, strewed with monkish cenotaphs, and with a church at the top, which is not a scene of scarcely wider dimensions, with lofty dingy houses on each side, that seemed nothing materials except color, and crowned by a pleasant scene of suffocation. My uncle told me, somewhat coldly, that this was quite the Venice of Ancona, where some of the first families resided. The Palazzo, of which he rented a large suite, was amongst the best, and the entrance, a large court with arcades, and a broad stone staircase, carried me back to my visit to one of Italian splendor. My cousins came running down to receive me, followed by the servants, all of whom I was introduced in due form by his master, and called me Excellenza.

It was only very rarely and occasionally that I was quite delighted with the appearance of the house, through the centre of which ran a spacious hall, with a floor of marble, and the walls were painted in *fresco* by Pellegrino Tibaldi, and the ceiling was divided into flats, and blazoned with the arms of the Farnese family, by one of whom the palace had been built nearly three centuries ago. The rest of the house, in strange contrast with its stately appearance, was a large dingy one-piece. Dust lay in the folds of my silk trunks, pictures, and other indications of female occupancy and accomplishment. It was like a flourishing plant transplanted to this distant land, and as much a flourishing or in good repair was the domestic appearance, and manners of the family amongst whom I found myself, that in the room before that dreadful day on children are to be seen, and that great source of all evil, a fresh birth I hear of. I say in myself—well, the seven years at least have not begun yet!"

In the ladies of course, while there were two sons or two exceptions, being all participators in this wholesome dread of retired walks, and the relentless likely to be induced thereby. Every day their time in the manner I have described, with the aid of a lady-maid or two, and a valet-de-say all place, such genuine feeling and enthusiasm, such elegant gift, is usually found by what spell so strong a veneration for the canon fisherland had been infused into their very blood, I was at first unable to discover; but, on the contrary, I found that the Italian circle, and apparently looked upon with sincere respect and esteem by all of whom it was composed.

The next and following days, several ladies, acquaintances of the family, came to call upon me, in the evenings most of the gentlemen came to pay their respects in form to the new comer so that, aided by a few hints from my cousins, I had soon quite *au fait* as to the leading facts and characteristics of my uncle's circumstances.

What struck me most at first, was their evening entertainments, which were held in the hall, before seen such courtesies and bows exchanged, or could have deemed it possible that so many persons could have been collected together, addressed, or address each other as unceasingly as they did on the present occasion. The reason was by whom I was surrounded. Then the ordinary rules of etiquette was laughable in the extreme; and I could not help, at the second thing, that the mistress of the house, on the occasion of her own evening, should not rest on account of some fashionable novelties in my wardrobe. One lady took up my dress, another that, and examining attentively as to the fashion of the material, it would be strangely misapplied. They do not know of the existence of such a thing as that must be satisfied here of more importance than the cut, and that the hands of a new gown should never be worn in the first evening of its existence. I found out afterwards this was meant to be a great compliment to my taste, and that the hands of a new gown are worn in the manner was looked upon as an inestimable benefit.

The conversation did not seem very brilliant, though I was told it was the most intellectual society at the best! I think it may be better than it has been or can be to me in the future, for by no means so invariably as in former generations. When such a party had retired, it was not apparently resumed or commenced upon by the others, but excepted as a matter of course, and in a preceding whose harangy it would have been invidious to disturb. The cardinal virtues of Italian society were patience, however, to chocolate and the bullet, as old italics, to commemorate the fashionable amusement offer his opinion on some new dress or piece of furniture, and then retire to his own room, perhaps accompany the husband to the stable, to discuss the merits of a new horse or set of harness.

I was told of one old lady who had entered into a contract with her son-in-law to live with the same homage by her veteran cavaliers as she had imperiously exacted some forty winters before. All her contemporaries had died off themselves, and he was the last that remained of the domestic wonders which had so long haunted the house. And so they used to sit in the evening opposite each other, a harp with a dark shade of flowing an uncertain light upon their time seem soon and faded hangings—both haggard, feeble, and helpless, and generally at each other, striking little catchers baskets filled with the fruits of the season, or the evening's hands: yet still, from force of habit, keeping up this semblance of conversation till eleven o'clock, when the old woman, who used to watch him, and wrapping him in a large cloak, led him carefully to his own room.

Happily, we did not have regular conversations of my uncle's: as he was a widower, and my cousins unmarried, it would not have been thought correct. We used only to have occasional visits in the evening, or else retired the people regularly to see—which, though never appearing at their own houses, they yet fully appreciated at ours—and played what, and had a little music, and did our best to amuse them —and which, on the whole, was a more pleasant and rational way of spending an evening, than that of sitting down to a late dinner with a sham appetite and pretty much sham ceremony and make-believe enjoyment.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. IV.

Salerno, April 22nd, 1853.

MY DEAR E. P———:—I have, to-night, a most memorable day to look back upon and strive to chronicle, while yet under the spell of its oppressive and bewildering emotions. I have seen Herculaneum and Pompeii since the morning. The excavations at the former place are almost entirely subterranean, and many have been filled up, or walled up, for the safety of the town of Resina, built above them. We only visited the object of greatest interest at present, the theatre. This is wholly under ground—you descend into it, with tapers, by a winding staircase, cut much of the way in the solid lava. Pompeii and Herculaneum were not filled with the same volcanic matter—the first was choked by a scorching rain of ashes, while the latter was whelmed by a perfect sea of lava, molten rock, which came surging in upon it, and swelled high in the streets, and ran into the houses as though they were moulds, and hardened there into an iron-like solidity. Even in the theatre, there are yet great blocks and columns and walls of this petrified fiery flood, bringing home to you with fearful force the reality of the tremendous tragedy of a city's destruction and entombment. Yet those black, granite-like masses, and the gloomy darkness of the theatre itself, lit alone by the feeble glimmering of our tapers, made it most difficult for the mind to picture the scene as it once was—gay with lights and music, crowded with fair dames and gallant men—the orchestra filled with musicians, the stage alive with actors, and every now and then, rising from those wide-circling seats, the stir and murmur of quiet applause, or the loud burst of acclamation. It was a strange, strange thing to walk across the stage, and into the green-room, and dressing-rooms of the actors. I never had feelings so solemn in any religious edifice, ruined or entire, as in this ancient temple of pleasure. In one of the passages leading off the stage, there is shown overhead, the perfect impression in lava, of a comic mask, which had been floated up there on the swelling flood. This is one of the most suggestive objects you behold here. You cannot look at it without thinking of the many times when its appearance must have been hailed with bursts of laughter, ringing through these now dark and tomb-like vaults.

The immense difficulty of excavating here, the limited number of excavations, and the impossibility of carrying them much further without peril to the town above, give to the thought of Herculaneum an awful vagueness, a strange, profound, overwhelming mystery. The theatre is very large, and must have been a magnificent edifice. Its best sculptures and frescoes have been removed to the Museum at Naples, but enough remains to show that it was built and ornamented with much richness and taste. But the few beautiful details seemed to take nothing from the general effect of gloom and terror, and never did the fresh upper air and the warm sunshine seem so delicious and radiant to me, as when I emerged from this chill, sepulchral place.

For a mile or two before we reached Pompeii, we saw large fields of lava, black, barren, desolate, looking like the entrance to the infernal regions, and yet nothing could be brighter or pleasanter than Pompeii itself, amid all its lonely desolation.

A thrill of wild, strange, inexpressible emotion shot through my heart the moment my foot struck on the old pavement, worn by the feet and the chariot-wheels of the ancient Pompeians, and my eye followed the long street, the via appia, lined on either side with the tombs, the houses, the inns and the shops of nearly two thousand years ago.

We first visited the house of the rich citizen Diomed, which, after all that has been taken from it, I was surprised to find so beautiful and complete. The upper and third story is gone, but by those which remain, you can see that it was a handsome and luxurious establishment. We entered a portico by a flight of white marble steps, then passed into the court, where was the *impluvium*—a large stone basin, which received the water from the roofs. Afterwards we were shown the *larium*, a sort of private chapel, where a statue of Minerva was found—a bathing-room and dressing-room, with all the appurtenances, a dining-room, a bed room, the apartments of the slaves, the garden, containing a cistern for fish, a terrace, from which there is a fine view, and lastly, the cellar, where the wine was stored, and where the jars which held it yet remain, some broken and some entire—all crowded with ashes. Here were found the skeletons of eighteen adults and two children—probably the household of Diomed—who took refuge here. Our guide told us that one, that of a woman, was found standing upright against the wall, and showed what he said was the impression of her form. Two other skeletons, supposed to be those of Diomed and a servant, were found near the gate of the villa, and beside them a bag of coin.

Opposite their house, on the other side of the via appia, is the family tomb of Diomed. We afterwards were shown several tombs and columbaria, the place where the bodies of the dead were burnt, the great inn of the city, which seems more like a palace than an inn, and a beautiful house called "*The house of Sallust*," and the one which Bulwer describes as that of Glaucus, the same that from some sculptures and frescoes was called "the house of the tragic poet." The handsomest private edifice yet discovered is the house, or rather palace, of a magistrate, or some high officer of state. It is larger in its proportions than the other dwellings, and though despoiled of its chief treasures, yet rich in marbles, mosaics and frescoes. It has, beside the usual elegant inner court, a large outer one, or garden, surrounded by white marble columns.

In all the buildings which we visited, I was agreeably disappointed by the style of the paintings decorating the walls, which I had been told was such as to shock the commonest sense of decency. I know not what have been removed or purposely defaced, but I certainly saw nothing which merited such severe condemnation. They are mostly of subjects taken from the ancient mythology, handled very much as modern painters would handle them, only with more grace and naturalness. They are usually rather voluptuous, but not, I think, grossly so. Yet everything indicates that the Pompeians were eminently a gay, pleasure-loving, epicurean, sensual people. Their dwellings have everywhere a light, festive, luxurious air—you cannot think of any great sorrow having wailed and sobbed through them, or of fierce and deadly passions storming within them;—all has the aspect of quiet, high-bred, almost passionless pleasure. There seem comparatively few marks of business, or toil, along their narrow streets and among their illuminated houses, and elegant little shops: and their noble temples show that religion was with them a classic refinement, a poetic luxury.

A place of great interest for its original purposes and admirable preservation, is the Pantheon, or temple of Augustus. Then there are the Public Baths, still wonderfully complete and curious—the small temple of Isis, still haunted as by the dark mysteries of that inscrutable goddess,—the Public School, the Theatres, the Amphitheatre, the Barracks, and the Forum. Of course we saw many minor objects, and entered numerous private houses, differing little from each other, but all more or less beautiful in style and decoration. The Forum and Tragic Theatre were larger and richer than I had expected to see them—giving me a higher idea of the wealth and magnificence of the city than aught else. The Comic Theatre is small and almost wholly without marbles,—it was evidently a cosy, substantial affair for the citizens.

While we were walking before the orchestra, or seated on the stone steps, which served both for pit and boxes, a peasant leaped on to the stage and sung us a comic song, accompanying himself with dancing and castenets, concluding with a somerset, which Italian performers of his class seem to believe the *ne plus ultra* of novelty to a foreigner.

You may ask me what I felt and thought on finding myself, in very truth, at Pompeii, and beholding the resurrection of this long dead and buried city; but if you look to have your question answered eloquently and vividly, Heaven help me!—for I am yet so bewildered, so absolutely drunken with the intense excitement of the scene, as to be equally without clearness of perception or force of expression. At length the wild, longing hope of years was realized—I stood upon the spot haunted by the most romantic dreams and the finest imaginations of my early girlhood. One of the most glorious "Meccas of the mind" was reached—I could almost have flung myself prone upon that rude pavement, and kissed the stones on which I scarcely dared to tread. I fed my soul on that golden opportunity as on an unlooked-for luxurious repast—I drank in, like dark luscious draughts, the melancholy yet intoxicating poetry of the scene. As I wandered through the private dwellings, the homes of a race whose very type has been swept from the earth these many, many centuries,—as I looked on the unworn Mosaic floors, on the brilliant walls, blooming with fresh arabesques—on the snowy sculptures—on the living frescoes—I said half-wildly to myself, "It was but yesterday that the rain of ruin came down—to-day it has cleared away, and all will go on as before."—Then appalled by the desolate lonesomeness and stillness, I went vaguely wandering through corridors and chambers, feeling strange promptings to shriek aloud and call the dwellers from some secret hiding-place. It was only when looking up to the roofless tops of the houses, that I could realise how the mountain had stormed his black destruction upon them, and crushed them in and packed them close to the last vault and niche, and how since, the long, dark centuries had rolled over them, till their very burial place had been forgotten,—till the unsuspecting peasant built his cottage and planted his vineyard above the palaces and tombs of princes, and the temples of the gods.

The Forum, once surging with the busy Pompeian throng—the theatre, once roaring with the storm of popular excitement—the temples, once imposing with heathen rites and mysteries, were to me far less interesting than those pleasant little courts, in which children must have played—those quiet household rooms, where women must have enjoyed and suffered—those sunny chambers, where gay girls must have sung and chatted—or where young mothers may have rejoiced over their first born, or sorrowed over their first dead. Then there were the public wells and fountains, around which gossips must have gathered, and merry boys frolicked in the cool of summer evenings—and the sheltered public seats, where the men must have sat and talked over political matters, the plays at the theatre, and the games and gladiatorial combats of the amphitheatre. Then there is an eating-house, with rude pictures on the wall of people eating and drinking at a surprising rate—and an apothecary's shop—a gallipot taken from which I had seen in the museum at Naples. It contains some sort of balsam—retaining its color and strong aromatic smell. Think of a perfume coming down to us through eighteen centuries! We stood for some time watching an excavation which was going on. They were opening a private house, which promised to disclose something fine in the way of decorations. I saw the ashes first scraped away from a small fresco in the vestibule, and it came out seemingly as bright as it was left by the painter's hand. It was some graceful mythological figure, with flying drapery, azure and golden—but to me it seemed a lovely image of the Soul, arising from the dust and darkness of mortality, as the leaden ashes were cleft away and the light struck upon it—the first light which had kindled its bloom since it was blinded and buried away from sun and air, eighteen hundred years ago. It is estimated that not more than a fifth part of Pompeii has been laid open—but evidently, the principal public buildings, the most important temples and forums, the first class theatres, the most elegant private houses—the West End—have been discovered. The excavations are still going on, but very slowly, as this not being a political or religious enterprise, little money is appropriated for it. Still there is a hopeful sign of life and progress in a fine railway running from Naples, swarming, overflowing with noisy vitality to that silent city of the dead—linking, as it were, with short iron band, the nineteenth century to the first—whirling you with a whizz and a flash and a wild brief rush, back, back almost into the time of Christ. A railway station at Pompeii—does it not seem to you a stupendous anachronism! During the entire drive from Pompeii to Salerno, we all sat utterly silent—lost in the wonderful memories, imaginings and speculations conjured up by the scene we had beheld. For this and the excursions which are to follow, we have, most fortunately for us, been joined by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. S———, of Boston, and their lovely daughter—so please think of me while in the Neapolitan dominions, as one of a merry and peculiarly sympathetic and well-met party of seven—exclusive of the courier—who is a great character in his way—a curt, shrewd, decisive, yet persuasive fellow—opinionated yet courteous—a fine linguist—a soldier, a sailor, a remarkably well-informed person, even a little of a pedant, yet withal a capital servant. I remember little of the scenery on our way during that long, long drive. There was reason enough for my not seeing it, in my inward preoccupation and the gross outward obstructions to vision in the blinding, chalky dust, which whirled about us and rained upon us almost as the ashes rained upon Pompeii. When we reached the pleasant sea-side inn at Salerno, and descended from the carriage, a host of beggars came up against us, but when we shook ourselves, I verily believe that we utterly disappeared for an instant in a thick white cloud—were caught away out of their sight, like ascending angels.

Salerno is charmingly situated, and commands some lovely views, but the population seem excessively poor, idle, dirty and beggarly, for a sea-side town. Of course it has its handsome cathedral—a Gothic edifice of the ninth century, very rich in marbles and mosaics plundered from the ancient temples of Pæstum. It holds also the tomb of St. Matthew. But I am sure you will not now care to linger on things like these. Pompeii must be haunting you as it does me, with the ghosts of its dead grandeur—so, good-night.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Clippings.

☞ HOW TO WHISPER AWAY WARTS.—Punch is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-wearers:—"Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint be as good as your word."

☞ Among the remarkable things noticed by Evelyn, in his "Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands," is the case of a woman who had been married five-and-twenty times, and was then prohibited from marrying again; "yet it could not be proved that she had ever made any of her husbands away, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble." Unfortunate woman—not to be allowed to marry a 26th husband.

☞ The statement is going about the country, that Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht excursion up the Mediterranean is to cost half a million of dollars. This is too ridiculous. As though an American citizen, out of an asylum, *could* be idiot enough to squander so vast a sum for so frivolous a purpose. The proposed excursion *may* cost $50,000, but we doubt it.—*Home Journal.*

☞ Two men were sentenced to one month's imprisonment at hard labor, a short time since, in London, for the crime of causing unnecessary pain to a cat while they were killing it. Right.

☞ Mrs. Swisshelm, in her letters to young ladies, says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all the girls the more madder they get the redder they color.

☞ TIGHT SCREWING.—"Do you support Gen. Taylor?" "No." "Do you support Gen. Cass?" "No, sir." "What? do you support Van Buren?" "No, sir-ee—I support Betsy and the children, and it's mighty tight screwing to get along at that, with corn only twenty cents a bushel."

☞ CANNIBALISM IN NEW YORK.—A lady advertises in the Herald, that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea!"

☞ Brandy was invented by Raymundus Lillius, a celebrated alchymist, who died in 1315. But for many centuries it was only used as a medicine, and chiefly as an external application. He was an enemy to his race, who swallowed the first glass of brandy, and pronounced it good.

☞ A RATIONAL REASON FOR MARRYING.—"How could you do so imprudent a thing," said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl so completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?" "Why, sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason. We had a blanket a piece, and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."

☞ One hundred and eighty-five English and American clergymen have "gone over to Rome" since the Puseyite movement began in 1842. The "Rev. Mr. Cream Cheese," doubtless, was one of them.

☞ The latest case of absence of mind is related of the foreman of a grand jury in Missouri. After administering the oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, he presented his face and said, "Now kiss the book, madam."

☞ An alarming railway mania prevails in France;—railways to every possible and impossible place, through the Alps, through the Pyrenees, to Naples, to Madrid, everywhere and anywhere, are projected.

☞ John Adams once remarked that New England had four institutions, any one of which would have led to national independence. These were the Congregational Church, the Town Meeting, the Volunteer Militia, and the Free School.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. *For $5 in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct. K. S.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS; A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by GRACE GREENWOOD. The series will include "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

A FALSE DOCTRINE.

Archbishop Hughes, in a recent Lecture in this city, embodied and endorsed an old but—as we consider it—false doctrine of certain metaphysicians, in the following language:

"Who is the absolute freeman? It is the savage, who lives in the forest. Every advance of society has been a diminution of individual liberty, and the more society improves, the more and more multiplied are the curtailments of human liberty."

The folly of the above, we think, will be seen at once by him who considers that the progress of European society is from Feudal Tyranny, through Absolute Monarchy, to Limited Monarchy, and, *lastly*, Republicanism.

Look at England, for instance. As society has advanced, instead of the "curtailments of liberty being multiplied," they have been greatly lessened. A subject of Queen Victoria is a much freer man than the subject of Henry VIII., or even of George the Third. In fact, to say that society can advance, while individual liberty is diminishing, is to say that a man can walk forward on his right leg while he is going backward with his left.

Every advance of society, it seems to us, enables law-makers safely to dispense with restraints which are needed in a less intelligent and virtuous community. Where no man has the disposition to trespass upon the rights or property of his neighbor, laws to prevent such trespasses are unnecessary. Even the Archbishop's educational experiences should have taught him this. It is the good and "advanced" boys who are allowed to go "out of bounds;" while the bad boys are kept within certain overseeable limits, for fear they should molest some neighbor's watermelon patch or peach orchard. The good being thus safely freed from all restraint, because they are able th use their liberty, without *abusing* it.

But the whole theory—which used to be so popular—that Government necessarily implies a deprivation of Liberty, using the latter word in a high and noble sense, is, in our opinion, a false one. The error, we think, consists in this, that the Liberty for which the heart of man has panted in all ages, is not a Liberty to do wrong. The philosopher may say, "In savage life, the man has the *liberty* to murder whom he chooses, to rob his comrade, and to entirely disregard every dictate of that conscience which his Creator has implanted within him; and that, entering into Society, he parts with said *liberty*." But is this true? No man, however much a savage, ever possessed such liberty—and therefore he never could have parted with it. And it is just here, we think, that the sophistry of the old doctrine lies. It is not liberty, but ruffianism and license, which it is the duty of Government to restrain. Its objects are, in the words of the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, "to secure the blessings of liberty" to its framers and their posterity. And how? By establishing justice," "insuring domestic tranquillity," providing for "the common defence," and promoting the "general welfare." Now, in doing those things, Government does not detract from the true Liberty of any, but secures the Liberties of all. What liberty is there in skulking about a forest, in danger every moment of a hostile arrow or tomahawk? Archbishop Hughes can enjoy, if he will, all that is desirable in the life of an Indian, in any of the New Jersey forests, without those continual dangers of bullet and scalping-knife and starvation which beset the wild Ishmaelites of the Western half of our Continent. Society, *as is*, does not debar him from this greater liberty—if he so consider it—of savage life.

But what is Liberty—that Liberty which has been the most sacred word in the hearts and on the tongues of the noblest races the world has seen? It is not, we think, the liberty to roam about forests, or to cheat, rob and murder. If it were so, of course with the advance of society, liberty would decrease. But this was never the liberty which the souls of oppressed nations have longed after, as "the hart for the water courses." It is Liberty for self-development—that man may grow freely into what his Creator intended him to be; and it is therefore sacred as an instinct implanted by the Almighty in the soul. Therefore does a nation wish its political independence, that it may not be trammeled by foreign burdens, ideas, faiths and selfishness. Therefore does the individual man long for Freedom of Thought and Conscience, that his intellect and soul may grow without hindrance. And for Freedom of Action, that he may guide his outward life by his inward convictions. The Freedom that he longs after, is that which is necessarily derived from the fact that his Maker created him a *Free Agent.* And he spurns all that comes between him and his Maker—all restraints which check his material, intellectual or spiritual growth—as the greatest wrong which it is possible for his fellow man to do him.

The "absolute freeman" is *not* then, if these views be correct, "the savage who lives in the forest." The mind and soul of the savage are not free to grow to the stature of perfect manhood. He is the slave of his necessities, his ignorance, and his constant perils. He is like Cain, a wanderer upon the earth, and any one who meets him may slay him. This is not the kind of Freedom that shines like a far off sun into the breasts of oppressed nations. They long for that Freedom which shall secure them "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work"—which shall remove the heavy burden of the aristocratic and monarchical classes of society. They long for that Freedom which shall open to industry, economy, enterprise and native talent, the highest social and political positions in the State—freedom to tread the vista that leads up to wealth and fame and glory, *if they can.* They aspire to that Freedom of Intellect which shall release them from the heavy bondage of Ignorance; and which shall open, if not to their eyes, to those of their posterity, the glories of Science, and the refinements and delights of general Mental Culture. And, above all, they—or the wisest of them—long for that Freedom of Conscience, which shall bring with it both the liberty to investigate, and the ability to decide upon all points connected with the relations between Man and his Maker; that the Truth, unclouded by the selfish interests of other minds, may thus shine with its pure radiance into their hearts, and they be made "free indeed."

PEACE ESSAYS.

The London Peace Society and the Peace Congress Committee offer prizes as follows:

"The sum of £250 ($1,250) will be paid to the author of the best essay upon the European standing armaments, to embrace the following points: A succinct history of the origin and growth of standing armaments in Modern Europe: An accurate statistical account of the present number of men employed by the European nations upon their Naval and Military Establishments, distinguishing between those in the regular forces, and those in semi-military services, such as Militia, National Guards, Landwehr, &c: An estimate of the cost of these establishments, including the loss of the productive labor of the persons employed in them. The Essay should further discuss the moral, social, financial and political evils of this system of large peace establishments. They may be written in the English, French or German language. The length not to exceed 200 pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

"A prize of £100 ($500) will be awarded to the second best Essay.

"His Excellency Chevalier Bunsen has consented to appoint the adjudicators. The essays to be placed in the hands of Mr. Henry Richard, Secretary of the Peace Congress Committee, 19 New Broad-st., Finsbury, London, on or before the 1st Jan., 1854.

"The copyright of the Essays to be property of the Peace Congress Committee."

These prizes will come out of a purse of $50,000—$30,000 of which already is made up. Of course, some Yankee will put himself down to the work, and pocket the largest sum. It is a good work, too—none better. Talk as you choose about the glory of war, it is a Heathen affair; there is no Christianity in it. Just think of the class of virtues eulogized by the Saviour, and the epithets applied to himself. He was not a "Lion"—not even of the "tribe of Judah." He was not, like Dan, a "serpent by the way," an "adder in the path;" nor, like Gad, a "troop," that "shall overcome at the last;" nor, like Benjamin, a "ravening wolf;" but he was the "Prince of *Peace*," the "*Lamb* of God." Think of it. And the virtues inculcated by him were not those of the warrior. He did not say, "strike back," "revenge yourselves upon your enemies," "declare war sooner than submit to the smallest insult;" but recommended, nay, commanded patience under provocation, forgiveness of injuries, the yielding of vengeance to the Lord above,—in one word, all the meek, patient and forgiving virtues.

And yet, how seldom will any one hear such Christianity as this preached, when the nation is becoming roused by the thought that wrong has been, or is intended to be done it. We sometimes are disposed to think that there must have been another secret revelation to the Church, since that of the gospel dispensation, annulling many of the precepts of the latter, as entirely too difficult for practice in this provoking world. Now, in the world of saints and angels, there would be no difficulty in keeping one's temper, and not striking back in return for a taunting word or a blow. The "public opinion" of the Christians *there*, would make any other course disreputable.

THAT RUSSIAN ARTICLE.—It is stated in letters from Washington, that President Pierce repudiates and disavows, in the strongest terms, the sentiments of the extraordinary article upon Russia, quoted by us last week, which recently appeared in the columns of the Washington "Union." Many suppose that the article was prompted by Mr. Caleb Cushing. The "Union," we believe, maintains a perfect silence relative thereto. One of its associate editors, Mr. Roger A. Pryor, however, is out in the *Whig* "National Intelligencer," in a three column article, stating that he alone is responsible for the production in question, and defending the ground taken in it. This does not prove though that the sentiments of said article are not also those of the principal editors of the Union—in fact, it fairly may be inferred that an article of such importance would not have been inserted without their approval.

To show that Russia has not changed her character of late, but is still the most efficient opponent of all liberal political sentiments on the Continent of Europe, we may state that Turkey at length has yielded to her menaces, and resolved to expel all political refugees from her borders. Five Italians have been expelled, and the Hungarians and Wallachians are to follow. The next step doubtless will be to compel Turkey to deliver up in the future, all who may seek protection in her midst from Austrian and Russian oppression.

APPARENT DEATH BY DROWNING.—Miss Griswold, when taken from the water, after the Norwalk homicide, to all appearances was perfectly dead. It was only after *two or three hours* constant personal effort by Dr. Warren, that he had the satisfaction to find her fully restored to life. A correspondent of the Courier and Inquirer says:

> The place was a rough shed without conveniences—a long time elapsed before blankets could be procured, and the lady had been dead fifteen or twenty minutes, and it is said that the life of a drowned person cannot be restored after five minutes have elapsed. The fact, too, that Miss G. was the only one that was resuscitated, proves the skill and exertion displayed. She was finally removed to a house, and was left by Dr. Warren in a delirious state, and directions were given to those in charge not to remit their exertions, and to keep up the circulation by constant friction. Miss G. is now pronounced out of danger.

Doubtless many persons die by drowning, who could be recovered by persevering efforts for hours to restore them. Dr. Warren's first proceeding in the above case, seems to have been to endeavor to restore the breathing, by imitating by pressure the natural movements of the lungs. Of course the rubbing of the body and limbs was kept up for a long period.

CHINA.—Later advices indicate that the news of the capture of Nankin, by the revolutionists, was premature—that city being besieged by them, but not yet taken. The British residents at Shanghae had provisioned a ship, and prepared to embark in case of necessity—doubtless, if they are compelled to fly, they will freight the vessel with chickens, and thus make fortunes out of their misfortunes.

The Chinese authorities had applied to the British Consul for aid to enable them to protect Nankin, and quell the rebellion. The Consul referred the matter to the Colonial Government. And the Colonial Government probably referred the matter to the Home Government. In the meantime, while the saints are consulting, "Old Nick," as usual, is on hand—and is said to have offered the Celestial Empire the aid of Russia in quelling the insurrection. The price of such aid probably being the cost of subsisting the necessary number of troops, and the Russian hand in the Chinese pie forever—or until all the plums are exhausted.

THOSE FRIGHTFUL REVOLUTIONISTS.—When the recent Revolution in France resulted in a Republican form of government, one of the first proceedings of Lamartine and his associates, was the abolition of the death penalty for mere political offences. This, of course, was horrible, revolutionary anarchy.

But now, under the despotic monarchy of Louis Napoleon, the death-penalty for political offences has been re-established by the Council of State. And this is "law and order."

THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.—The appointment of Senator Soulé appears to be having the effect in Spain that we supposed it would have. Castilian pride, which is the quickest in the world to get its back up, is fully aroused; and the press is recommending that Mr. Soulé be not received. Of course, if he be received, the Spanish Ministry will no more dare to listen to the first word from him relative to a purchase of Cuba, than they would put their heads into the fire.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Some time ago, in an article relative to the Monroe Doctrine, we surmised that all these British expeditions to the neighborhood of the North Pole were not without a purpose, alarming to American peace and security. We intimated then that Sir John Franklin's object was to ruin this country, either by stopping the North Pole from turning, and thus plunging this Continent into perpetual darkness, while Europe monopolized all the sunshine; or else that he intended to found a new colony in the Arctic regions, in direct violation of the Monroe Doctrine. Judge then of our feelings, in reading the following in a budget of recent English news:—

> The screw-steamship Phoenix, commanded by Inglefield, has been ordered to depart on the search for Sir John Franklin. Captain Penny *and his wife*, go out in the Phoenix, *to found a permanent settlement in the Arctic regions.*

Look at that—there it is in so many words. Captain Penny—*and his wife*—go out "to found a permanent settlement in the Arctic regions." And doubtless there are other wives—besides Captain Penny's. And it is only reasonable to expect that one of these days there will be children, too—yes, little Britishers absolutely running about the North Pole, and calling it *their* pole; and certain very uncertain American icebergs, *their* "native land."

We invoke the attention of "Young America," Mr. Buchanan, and President Pierce, to this subject. What is this but an attempt to nullify the Monroe Doctrine? Is not this a "*new colony*"—and upon American soil? Bull doubtless will endeavor to make out a case, by arguing that snow and ice are not "soil;" but this is too evidently a mere subterfuge. An iceberg is the most dangerous soil for a British settlement—for its location is so uncertain. It might be floated down into New York harbor, or Delaware Bay, and then claimed as undeniable British territory. And probably Great Britain has some design of this kind. "Young America" will see the force of this reasoning, if all the rest of our fellow-citizens are blind and deaf.

Neither does the remoteness of the settlement excuse it. The *principle* is the thing—as "Young America" will see at once. If Great Britain has a right to violate the Monroe Doctrine in this little, Penny fashion, she will claim the same right on a larger scale. As the old proverb says, "Take care of the *pennies*, and the pounds will take care of themselves." With these few remarks, we leave the subject; prophesying that if this first invasion of the Monroe Doctrine be acquiesced in by "Young America," the world will take it for granted that there is nothing in it.

A FLATTERING TESTIMONIAL.—We recently published an extract of a letter from an Alabama correspondent, speaking of the regularity with which he had always received our paper. Commenting upon this, another subscriber, a venerable gentleman in the 73rd year of his age, says:

> I can also attest to some important facts relative to the same subject. In my time I have taken many papers, and, in my estimation, the Post is the "most valuable family newspaper within the compass of my knowledge. For a series of years I have patronized your paper for the benefit and amusement of a numerous host of grandchildren, who vie with each other to obtain the earliest perusal. My Post-Office address is at Unity, away down East, in the State of Maine, some six hundred miles from your printing-office. I have been a constant subscriber for the Post every year successively for twenty two years; and it is a remarkable fact that, during the twenty-two years of my subscription, my paper has arrived regularly, and I have lost but one paper. This speaks well for the printing-office department, and is such a bright manifestation of the exactness, regularity and precision with which the business affairs of your office are conducted, that I deem it worthy of note. If there is any subscriber on your list who resides six hundred miles from your office, whose continued term of subscription has attained to the age of twenty-two years, I should be pleased to see his name and place of residence announced in the Post, for I lay claim to precedence upon your subscription list, until a competitor appears to contest the palm with me. I am, sir,
>
> Very respectfully yours,
>
> SILAS WHITCOMB.

We do think the above almost a marvellous case of the regular reception of a newspaper—for it infers great and continual carefulness for twenty-two years in the office of the Post, and the Post-Office.

PUBLIC DINNERS.—Horace Greeley, in the Tribune, denounces public dinners. We agree with him. In Eastern nations, when the people would show honor to a man, they grovel in the dust and dirt before him. The English and American practice is the same, a little refined. They invite whom they would honor to a public feast, and make beasts of themselves to his glory. We think it about time that some more refined and intellectual plan were devised of doing honor to public benefactors. Mr. Greeley says:

> Public dinners are public nuisances—flagrantly so. They are a relic of outgrown barbarism which esteems eating and drinking the chief ends of life, and would show affection as Joseph did to his brother Benjamin—by giving him three times as great a mess as was apportioned to his half-brothers. It is every way unworthy of our age to attempt to honor, reward or show admiration for a public benefactor by feasting him, even when intoxicating liquors are excluded. But an ordinary public dinner, "with a stick in it," is essentially a bestial performance. Two or three hundred people are assembled to eat an inordinate meal, at an unusual and unseasonable hour, paying for it a sum that many of them cannot really afford, and washing it down with incessant libations of villainously drugged cider and cockroach Madeira, which gets steadily worse as the company get more and more enthusiastically and obliviously drunk—then the speeches, beginning with the prosy and foggy, and ending, somewhere in the infancy of the small hours, with the tipsy and the nasty—then the leathery cloud of cigar smoke which, for the last hour or two, is battened down upon the whole concern, afflicting, torturing, demoralizing all well-bred, cleanly, uncorrupted senses—and ah! the sick headaches, the days of misery, and often the fatal illnesses that follow, as Death on the Pale Horse was followed—on the whole, we consider the public dinner the absurdest, stupidest bore of the nineteenth century.

HOLLY TEA.—Mr. Alexander Forsyth, having found that the tea of Paraguay is a species of Holly, has tried the English Holly, and says that the leaves, when washed, are equal to ordinary five-shilling tea:

> "The prickles serve an important purpose, for they keep the leaves separated during the roasting, and thus save the trouble of frequent turning. The smell given off is at first unpleasant, but it disappears entirely as the leaves cool. 'What will tea-drinkers, confirmed tippling tea drinkers, say to this?' observes Mr. Forsyth. 'The very tea itself becomes cheap at last, and abundant, growing even in the garden-hedge. A forest of tea-trees in full leaf at our doors! Such a harvest has never before been seen. Waste not the holly any more upon whip-handles; peel it not for bird-lime, as formerly; squander it not even at Christmas; but reap it, roast it, and drink it again and again, for the store will be annually renewed, and the future foliage will furnish finer tea-leaves than those just gathered.'"

"THE FRIENDS."—Some of the New York papers are said to have given regular reports of the proceedings of the recent Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, in that city. Is there not some mistake in this? As none but members are allowed admission to such meetings, there must have been "treason in the camp," if the statement be true. The Friends, we believe, do not much like their proceedings exposed to the comments of the wicked world outside—though we do not know that those proceedings are at all of a character to be ashamed of. In fact, we are disposed to think there is rather less of the "good Lord, good devil," in the actions and doings of the "Friends," than in some other religious societies.

CITY REFORM.—By a Report from the Committee of the Friends of a Paid Fire Department, we perceive that the only hope for Philadelphia is in the success of a Reform Ticket for Legislative offices, composed of men who will give us a Paid Fire Department, and a Consolidated City. We have not a great deal of space for local matters, for

> "No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
> But the whole boundless Continent is ours;"

but still, we are ready to say a good word, whenever it may be wanted, for a Paid Fire Department, a Consolidated Philadelphia, and such efforts as are necessary to show that our native city is not to be ruled by any aristocracy, even though it be an Aristocracy of Firemen.

THE FLOWERS OF SULPHUR.—A subscriber in Columbus, Mississippi, Mr. J. S. L., says that he frequently has seen showers of the description recently alluded to in our columns, and that he thinks they are owing to the pollen of the yellow pine. He never has known such showers but at the period when the yellow pine was in bloom; and says, "any person who has examined the bloom of the yellow pine, will be convinced that the pollen looks precisely like the dust found on the ground after such a shower."

THE GARDINER CASE.—The jury in this case, could not agree, and were discharged. They stood when they came into Court as they went out—except that their legs were a little more shaky—three for conviction and nine for acquittal. Oh, law, law, what justice is done in thy name!

FALSE DELICACY.

A great deal of what is called hypocrisy frequently arises from the delicacy one has in offending the feelings of another.

Yes, and the proof that that is a kind of delicacy not honestly to be indulged in, is the fact that men universally unite in calling it hypocrisy.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When one comes down the Rhine to Holland, he gets no idea of the peculiar physiognomy of the country. The dykes which save the land from inundation, save it also from the stare of strangers. But as you leave Rotterdam by the railway to Amsterdam, the country in all its flatness, monotony and oddity is before you. Not only do canals from every little town and village cut the landscape into rectangular sections, but the wide ditches of every farm still further subdivide it, so that one can fancy he is looking over a vast array of billiard-tables, with their faded covers, sadly in need of renovation, which Spring in due time will accomplish. The only objects which diversify the scene, are, wind-mills, many apparently but half-grown, whose duty it is to pump up the water that percolates through the dykes, and empty into canals; for Holland is like a ship with an incurable leak; her pumps must be continually at work or she cannot keep her head above water.

About twenty-five miles N. W. of Rotterdam, an hour's ride by railway, lies the Hague, the residence of the King, and one of the neatest, quietest and pleasantest cities in Holland. It is very little else than the seat of government, though it has more than sixty thousand inhabitants. The national virtue of cleanliness shows itself here, conspicuously. You walk through its silent, well-kept, clean streets, look at the neat, freshly painted houses, and wonder where all its sixty thousand inhabitants hide themselves, for except a citizen now and then moving leisurely along, a few travellers just arrived by the last train, or here and there a servant girl, like those we have seen in Rotterdam, only a trifle neater and a deal prettier, you see nobody. It was mid-afternoon when I arrived, and perhaps the town was enjoying its siesta. In the evening everything seemed changed. The well-lighted streets, the handsome shops, bright with gas and gay wares, swarmed with life. Not a few seemed idlers like myself, with no other object than to see what was to be seen. The great majority, however, were men and women buying and selling, or hurrying home with their purchases.

The Hague, among other objects of interest, contains a small but excellent gallery of pictures. Two of these are renowned as masterpieces of the artists; "Paul Potter's Bull," and "Rembrandt's Surgeon Dissecting." A man travelling the continent, and having no other object in view, in visiting Holland, than seeing these two pictures, would be justified for the outlay of time and money on their account alone. The former in its way is certainly unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The animal stands out from the canvass like a thing of life. A timid girl, on confronting it, would start back in alarm. All the smaller objects on the picture are painted with the fidelity of a daguerreotype, with none of its mechanical stiffness. The frog upon the ground looks as if ready to leap; the flies almost buzz in the sultry air; and you wait to hear the thunder break from the distant cloud. The "Dissecting Surgeon" pleased me no less. The professor has just laid open the muscles of the forearm, and is demonstrating them to the students around. The portraits of the professor and his students in their coloring, their varied expression and entire life likeness, justify all the praises that have been heaped upon this picture. The subject, I use the word in its anatomical sense, is as perfect a representation of death as its dissectors are of life. The stiff, cold limbs, through which the blood no longer courses, and the ghastly paleness of the dead, are depicted with a marvellous truth. Some connoisseurs have said that they could detect, from the appearance of the body, that his disease must have been an inflammation of the lungs. If so, he was a singular subject for an affection of that sort, if a prodigious chest, short, fat limbs, and a true apoplectic habit are any security against it. Several other pieces of Rembrandt, and a pretty good collection of the Dutch artists are to be found here. I saw here, for the first time, a poor picture by this master. If there is anything that distinguishes him more than another, if a tyro may be allowed to express the opinion, it is his almost uniform excellence. Other artists may surpass him, and please you more highly, but they more frequently disappoint you. Rembrandt scarcely ever fails to meet your expectations. This was my first and last disappointment of this kind.

The Hague, as the capital of the only nation that has commercial intercourse with Japan, offers facilities for the study of the peculiarities of this curious nation. How long it will enjoy them pre-eminently cannot well be determined, till we know the result of *that* Japanese expedition of whose precise object and destiny the world is allowed to busy itself with guessing. I did not visit the Japanese Museum, not so much because I hope to see a better one when I return to the United States, as that I was pretty confident that in Leyden I should find one, if not so large, at least better arranged. The meagreness of the latter induced me afterwards to regret that I had not availed myself of my opportunities at the Hague.

Leaving the Hague, the traveller is quickly transported through a succession of Dutch landscapes, land and water, water and land, to Leyden. When, as a little urchin, prying into all sorts of curious things, I trusted myself to the tender mercies of a Leyden jar, and had my confidence in glass and tin foil terribly shocked, I little thought that I should ever be in the city where this jar was discovered. Yet here I actually was, but my first visit was not to the laboratory, but to the botanical garden, probably the best for the student of botany in Europe. I do not forget the magnificent "Jardin des Plantes" when I say this, but remember that the student in Paris is more likely to visit other gardens in that capital, which Leyden does not possess, and which are not so well calculated to advance him in botanical researches. Leyden was also familiar to me, on account of the resistance which the citizens offered to the Spaniards, an incident of which has been made the subject of the fine picture now in the possession of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia. A picture of the heroic burgomaster Van Der Werf, refusing the frantic prayers of the famished citizens that he should surrender the city, while he offers them his body, if it can be of service to them; and several other very fine paintings, principally portraits, adorn the walls of the State House. The comparison between this very excellent piece and the picture by Wittkamp (I think) in Philadelphia, gave me cause to be proud of the specimen of the modern Dutch school which the Academy possesses, a school which is a worthy successor to its great predecessor.

As I have already intimated, I visited the Japanese Museum, in Leyden. It is the private property of a German physician, Dr. Liebold, who spent several years in Japan, and at much expense and risk collected the articles which he now has on exhibition. They generally exhibit a greater degree of skill and refinement than articles of Chinese manufacture, though every one must be struck with the great similarity between the two. The ivory carving of the Chinese, which seems almost unsurpassable, is here left quite in the shade. Several miniature fowls have almost every feather cut with the precision of nature. The most interesting features of the display are the dwellings and dresses of the common as well as the cultivated classes. These show a much higher grade of civilization and luxury than their continental neighbors possess. There is about as much difference between the Japanese and Chinese costume as between the dress of a dandy upon Chesnut street and the go-to-meeting garb of the backwoodsman. Dr. Liebold has also a considerable library of Japanese books, the collection of which was a work of no small difficulty, as their exportation is prohibited under the severest penalties. It consists of about six hundred volumes, and it is said exhibits pretty well the state of knowledge among them.

Commencing a little North of Leyden, stretching along by Haarlem till it reaches the neighborhood of Amsterdam, lies, or formerly lay, Lake Haarlem. A little more than three hundred years ago, it was nothing but a small bog, in rainy weather transformed into a pond. About that time very heavy storms forced it beyond its previous domain, uniting it to other similar ponds in the neighborhood, inundating the neighboring farms, and insulating houses and villages. From time to time its "manifest destiny" led the monster to encroach more and more upon the land, and in its capacious maw it had swallowed up nearly fifty thousand acres of land. This depredation upon a country so ill able to lose its hard earned property, was not the only injury inflicted by this ally of the sea. Though of comparatively small depth, only ten feet, in heavy storms its waves dashed against its dykes and threatened not merely to break a way for itself into the sea, but to open a path for the sea to visit the land. The question of ridding themselves of this foe has been before the people of Holland for at least two hundred years, and various plans have been proposed for effecting it. But in earlier times, no power was known equal to the emergency. The wind which serves the Dutch in so many ways, was not equal to a work of this magnitude, and steam had many an old to receive after its first application as a motor, before it could grapple with it.

It was not till 1840, that the first actual steps were taken. A strong double dyke was first erected around it, serving as a protection for the surrounding country and as outlets for the water, which was led by canals to sea. Three powerful steam engines were erected at different points upon the lake—one at the North, not far from Amsterdam, one on the West, near Haarlem, and one at the South, a few miles from Leyden. Two of these are of 150 horse power, the third of 350. To the piston head of the latter, which looks like the hub of an enormous wheel, eleven great arms, which might represent spokes, are attached, and these serve as handles to the pistons of the pumps, which take out the water of the lake at the rate of sixty-three tons at every stroke. The other engines do not work so many pumps, but as the cylinders in them are considerably larger than in that which I have described, they do as much work. The pumps have been going since 1849, the engines, however, not being worked to their full power on account of the deficiency of outlet and danger of submerging the country around. In about ten months they expect to finish it, and return to the husbandman the acres of which he has been despoiled. Thus, is one of the most gigantic achievements of modern science about to be completed, an achievement peculiarly Dutch in its design. No other nation, I think, would have dreamed of pumping out a lake; but the Dutch, who have fought many a sturdy fight with old ocean, and come off victors, were not to be threatened by this robber within their own borders.

As the traveller approaches Haarlem from Leyden, he sees the first breaks upon the otherwise dead level of Holland, in the chains of sand-hills that form his Western horizon. These are formed by the sand of the sea-shore, blown inland by the wind. They rise to the height of perhaps fifty feet, and in the distance seem entirely destitute of vegetation. Such is not the case, however; seeds of hardy plants, congenial to such a barren soil, are sown, that their roots may, as it were, cement the sands and prevent it from blowing further inland. In the neighborhood of Haarlem, you see extensive tulip gardens, showing that the trade in this flower is not altogether abolished, though the wild speculation in the bulb, of which this city was the head-quarters, no longer exists. This plant-mania, which has been paralleled with a little more ground in our country, by the Morus Multicaulis speculation, raged to such an extent that two thousand dollars were offered for a single plant. Though such prices no longer prevail, a very regular and healthy business in the article is still carried on, and Haarlem is the great nursery of the flower for the rest of Europe.

The approach to Amsterdam is across a low plain half covered with water, and the first intimation of the proximity of the city is the crowd of wind-mills. More than fifty are in sight from the station. C. G.

Our Correspondents

THE "RAILROAD CITY."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—The subject of this brief sketch being one which should interest thousands, not only pecuniarily, but so far as relates to the social enjoyments and comforts of life also, I have chosen your paper as a means of communication for two reasons: first, because of the extent of its circulation, and secondly, its reputation is a good voucher for the truth of its matter. But I will begin at once by introducing the reader to the "Hoosier Capital;" or, if he has an inclination to associate something rude and uncivilized with the word "Hoosier," the "Embowered City of Railroads" may have a better effect, which latter name, upon a perusal of this cursory sketch, it will be acknowledged we can claim.

Congress having donated four sections of land for the Seat of Government, in authorising the formation of a Constitution for the State of Indiana, one section in the centre of the four was selected and laid off for the town of Indianapolis, in 1821, as follows:—From North to South run eleven streets ninety feet in width, and from East to West eleven more of the same width, with the exception of the principal business street, which is one hundred and twenty feet. In the centre of the plot is a circle containing three or four acres surrounded by an eighty foot street, into which the two central streets from East to West and North to South run, that would otherwise have crossed each other at right angles. From the four extreme corners of the four central blocks start avenues, terminating at the corners of the section. The streets bounding the section are called as the cardinal points of the compass, North, South, East and West. The others are named after the several States, with two exceptions, viz: Market Street, which resembles the one bearing the same name in your "Quaker Village," only as respects width, and the principal business street spoken of, which is a part of the National Road, and bears the name of the Father of his country.

The population of Indianapolis in 1829, was 1,085; in 1840, 2,692; on the first day of August 1819, 6,504; and at the present time it is variously estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000. Thus it will be seen that the increase has been very rapid within the last few years. The Corporation limits now are those of the four sections donated by Congress.

Most of the cities of our country have names which are severally characteristic of the places. We are known as the "Hoosier City," the "Railroad City," the "Embowered City," and the "City of Churches and Sabbath Schools." And first, we are the "Hoosier City," not because our citizens are barbarians, as a goodly number of those who live *Down East* imagine; but because of our being the Capital of that State which was scandalized by the epithet in her early days. But it is no longer an unworthy epithet, for she has thrown off the disgrace which was attached to the name, and given it a meaning which Lexicographers and Philologists will admit it deserves. Though fifty years ago the wigwam and uncultivated waste betokened the reverse of civilization, yet now, beneath our Western skies, freedom's altar stands as firm, and float as free her stars and stripes, as when protected by the lofty pride of Bunker Hill.

Secondly, we are the "Railroad City." Less than three years ago there was only one railroad completed to this place; now there are six upon which the cars run regularly, three under way which will be completed soon, and a number more companies are organizing. And these iron arms reaching out over our State in every direction, give our city facilities which no other inland town possesses. Machine shops, foundries, and the various other kinds of manufacturing establishments which give tone to the business of a place, have numerously sprung up since there have been afforded these ready means of transportations. For the accommodation of the travelling public and hotel keepers as well as themselves, the different Railroad Companies are now constructing a General Passenger Depot, 100 feet in width and 400 feet in length, which is to be used for passengers exclusively, each road having a freight depot besides. Thus, Mr. Editor, you see we are entitled to the appellation of "Railroad City."

Thirdly, we are the "Embowered City." This name we have received because of the abundance of shrubbery which ornaments our place. Not only are the sidewalks lined with trees, but evergreens of great variety, flower bushes and beds decorate the yards of the majority of residences. By the way, our city has been compared, by a lady of judgment, too, to a "bed of white roses." A curious comparison, yet quite a truthful one; for when viewed from the observatory of the Blind Institution in the proper season, the white houses peeping out from the green foliage of nature, resemble much a bed of this kind.

Fourthly, we are a "City of Churches and Sabbath Schools," having twenty-seven places of public worship, and an attendance upon Sabbath Schools of upwards of twenty-two hundred children.

Finally, if you have any first class citizens, industrious, intelligent, refined, who wish to emigrate, tell them of the "Hoosier City." If they are business men, refer them to the "Railroad City;" if they belong to that class who court the muses, point toward the sun's setting, the green valleys of the West, the "Embowered City;" and if Christians, speak of the "City of Churches and Sabbath Schools." This is the place for the capitalist to invest his money; and the place for the carpenter, the mason, the plasterer, to invest his labor, and it will yield him from $1,50 to $3,00 per day.

We might extend this very brief notice to three times its present length, but will not weary our indulgent readers longer. G. M. B.

Indianapolis, May, 1853.

Miscellaneous.

A STRANGE STORY.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily Register, of this city, tells some of the strangest stories of doings in that strange city, which we see anywhere. He has very extensive means of procuring information, or a very extensive imagination—we know not yet which. The following, it will be seen, is stated as a fact:—

"A singular fact, deserving of attention, has just been reported to the Medical Academy of Paris, and many of the Faculty were engaged in experiments which may result in discoveries of priceless value to the human family.

"A poor bird-fancier, living in one of the faubourgs, and earning a modest income by raising birds for the market, has a child of three years and a half old, afflicted since its birth with a pulmonary complaint. Six months ago the doctors told the father that the child's lungs were almost entirely destroyed, and that it could not live long. About three months since, the little creature seeming to be perishing rapidly, and becoming each day more and more fretful, the mother placed its cradle in the large room where the birds were kept, thinking that the child might be amused, and forget its sufferings somewhat, in the noisy society of its feathered companions. The child, in fact, seemed to take an interest at once, in watching the birds, and after a few days, the mother noticed that it would lie still for hours, apparently entirely free from pain, a thing which had not been known since its birth. The doctor, who still dropped in occasionally, soon remarked a notable change for the better in the young invalid, and continuing his visits more frequently, astonished the parents at the end of six weeks, by declaring he believed the lungs were healing. At any rate, the child could now sit up and play, and began to have an appetite. But in the meanwhile a strange malady had attacked the birds: they no longer flew about the room, but remained silent and drooping on their perches, eating very little, and gradually dying off one at a time. The owner seeing this, but little suspecting the cause, had the whole tribe removed to the house of a friend, also a bird-fancier, in the country, where he thought the pure air might revive them. They had not been twenty-four hours in their new abode before they began to get better, and in a few days they had resumed all their life and health. But, alas, the poor child left in Paris became visibly worse. The physician, wishing to try an experiment, had two birds, a parrot and a linnet, brought back to the room. In a week they were both dead, and, being opened, the doctor noticed all the signs of rapid consumption. The fact was immediately reported to several members of the medical faculty, and birds of every description were sent to the child's room. Every one of them died, seeming to give its little mite of life to aid the suffering child to live. The child is not yet dead, and has been taken to the country, while the doctors are busy studying the phenomenon which chance has thus brought before them."

A CURIOUS SERMON.—An English paper contains the following curious discourse said to have been lately delivered by an eccentric preacher at Oxford:

"I am not one of your fashionable, fine spoken, mealy mouthed preachers—I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, guzzling and gutting! Can you be saved by dice? No! Will all of the four knaves give you a passport to heaven? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a berth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongue hereafter! Will the prophets say, 'Come here, gamesters, and teach us the long odds?' 'Tis odds if they do! Will martyrs rant, and swear, and shuffle and cut with you? No! The martyrs are no shufflers. You will be cut down in a way you little expect. Lucifer will come with his reapers and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down, and bound, and pitched, and housed in hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you. I will tell you the plain truth. Ammon and Mammon and Moloch are making Bethoron hot for you! Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another before me, 'I'll see you d——d first!' But I tell you the day will come when you will pray to Beelzebub to escape his clutches; and what will be his answer? I'll see you d——d first!"

THE OFFICE SEEKERS IN WASHINGTON.—The New York Evening Post is responsible for the following incident, exemplifying the hard pressure for office in Washington. (The story is told of Mr. Marcy):—

Among the hosts of besiegers in the pursuit of place, was a woman who was extremely anxious that her husband should be made postmaster in some country village. She was most persevering in her solicitations, in season and out of season. She stood at the Secretary's door when he came out of his room in the morning; she intercepted him on his way to his meals; she followed him to his lodgings at night. On one occasion she remained unusually late; the Governor listened to her as long as he could, when he requested her to excuse him, but she lingered.

At length every gentleman but one had gone, and the Secretary took off his shoes. Still she stood her ground, quite unmoved. Growing desperate, the Secretary finally rose from his seat, and proceeded to strip off his coat; then turning to the woman, he exclaimed: "Madam, I am going to bed, and if you don't withdraw, I shall write to Mrs. Marcy about you." The lady immediately retired.

TOUCHING DELICACY.—There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolation, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate towards any inferiority. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register.

The bridegroom to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same.

Now, I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with some surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes:

"He's a dear good fellow, Miss; but he can't write yet; he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!"

Why, what had I to fear, I thought, when there was this nobility in the soul of a laboring man's daughter!—*Bleak House.*

SUSPICIONS OF THE POLICE AT ROME.—The severity of the Roman Police has even gone so far as to take notice of a little dog, belonging to an English lady, who was taking a walk in the Villa Borghese on Saturday last. The lady had taken a sprig of myrtle from a tree, and twined it round her favorite's neck; after finishing her walk, on coming to the gateway to meet her carriage, her servant was peremptorily ordered, by some police stationed there, to take the green wreath from the dog's neck—an order with which the lady immediately directed her servant to comply, supposing that no flowers or plants were allowed to be abstracted from the Villa; but she was not a little surprised when, on inquiring from her servant whether that really was the motive of so uncourteous an act, he gave her to understand that the dog was white, his tongue red, and the wreath green, thus completing the Italian tri-color, and rendering the unconscious little favorite a canine-revolutionist.

DANGER OF TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED.—It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but a great distance to the West; in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail does not fall at the foot of the mast, but at the stern of the ship. To this it was answered that a stone, being a part of the earth, obeys the same laws and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which consequently its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some, but opposed by others; and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus, that the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone, thus dropped from the head of the mast, *does* fall at the foot of it.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

WRITE PLAIN.—A gentleman left a will expressing that his property was to be left to a Mr. London or a Mr. London, both residing in the same town, but by no means intimate. Legal proceedings decided in favor of Mr. London, merely because the testator was once seen to speak to him, and because no such evidence appeared in favor of Mr. London. This case occurred on account of the unintelligible handwriting of the testator, whose n's were like u's, and whose u's were like n's; and all this is only to be avoided by learning to write well in the first instance, and by writing carefully ever after.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

General News.

THE DISASTER FROM LIGHTNING AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

The Lockport Courier, of Monday week, has a long account of the disaster by lightning, which occurred on the Sunday previous, to the Congregationalist Church, by which one person was killed, and six others seriously injured:—

The lightning struck the church steeple on the South-West corner, passing down into the gallery occupied by the singers, which was directly under the steeple, and all the persons affected by the shock were members of the choir. They were about concluding an introductory hymn when the shock came, carrying death, sorrow and dismay into their midst. The main streak of electricity entered the gallery directly over the head of Mr. Crocker, who was playing the bass violin, and diverged off either way. Every person in the gallery, numbering some twelve or fifteen, except one or two, were prostrated by the shock, but those that escaped injury, aided by persons from below, immediately proceeded to the assistance of the unfortunate. Some of the injured persons had their limbs and bodies burned, making them present a horrible picture. They were all removed as quick as possible to the open air, and the proper remedies were applied, under the direction of Drs. Fassitt and Gold, who, providentially, were in the church at the time, which were successful in restoring to consciousness all except Mr. Crocker. The deceased, to all outward appearances, sustained the least injury of any of the sufferers, but he was, doubtless, visited with the heaviest shock. The lightning seems to have passed along the outside of his vest, down to the right thigh, then across, down his left leg, ripping open his boot in passing off. The only scar on his person is on the left foot, and this is very slight. He spoke once after the shock. Mr. Elias Clark was standing between him and Mr. Durfee, and not being injured, he proceeded to lift the latter up, when the deceased said to him, "Help me, I am the worst!" Mr. C. was immediately taken up, but he only gasped once or twice, and then expired. His body was then taken to the office of Dr. Fassitt, and every means which medical science could suggest, was used in vain to restore him to consciousness.

Mrs. Holmes was burned on the face and breast by the lightning, but not seriously. Her escape with so little injury, however, seems miraculous. The electricity passed over her bonnet, melting the wires and tearing the silk; also around the wire in the cape of the bonnet, melting that in one or two places. The shawl she had on was also torn in several places.

The scene within the church immediately after the shock, is represented by an eye-witness to have been awful in the extreme. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gilman, whose position in the pulpit was such as to enable him to see at a glance the terrible effect of the lightning, fainted away, as did several of the ladies, and a deadly paleness spread over every countenance. The shock was so terrific, and its effects so astounding, that it seemed to deprive all of the power of giving vent to their feelings in the manner usually exhibited on similar, but less appalling occasions. Not a shriek or groan was heard, save the almost inaudible ones made by some of the victims; no bustle or confusion ensued, but dread consternation seemed to have taken possession of all for the moment.

The lightning was seen to strike the church by several persons outside, those near by being stunned by its effects. A piece of the cornice of the steeple was thrown across the road on the East of the church, and several long slits from the wood-work were lodged in the middle of the road on the South. The lightning seems to have gone in and out of the building several times before reaching the ground, and it appears to have finally divided, one portion of it reaching the ground by the portico, and the other by passing from the gallery to the basement. The course of the electricity in the house was very singular; it appears to have gone from object to object in an unusual manner, and some persons think it to have divided into numerous parts, but this is all conjecture. The gallery is much shattered from its effects, but no damage is done to the walls or timber of the church.

All the injured persons are expected to recover.

MEXICO.—Santa Anna had issued many other arbitrary decrees. Legislative authority of all kinds had been suspended throughout the Republic, and the offices of Governor and Military Commandant have been united in the same person.

Another decree, disarming all private citizens, prohibiting the possession of arms, powder or any kind of munitions; and bringing the telegraph under the control of the Government, has also been issued.

Gen. Lombardini has been promoted to the Generalship of his Division.

Santa Anna has ordered the remains of all those who fell in the American war to be disinterred and placed in suitable sepulchres, and to have the names of Generals Vasquez and Leon, who were killed in the same war, to be inscribed on the banners of the army, and that they be considered as having been promoted Generals of Divisions before their death.

A levee has been held of all the officers and soldiers who were mutilated in the American war, called the "*Levee of the mutilated.*" Santa Anna made a feeling address, in which he told them that their country never forgot them.

A project for a new National Bank has also been started, based upon a Government loan of from eight to twelve million dollars.

The French Minister has assured the Government that the new expedition of Count Boulbon has been dispersed.

The Government was adopting severe measures against all holding opinions deemed pernicious. The arrest of all who served as guerillas in the American army during the late war has been ordered, and they are to be tried. The Court Martial publishes a list of the Mexican officers who surrendered as prisoners of war to General Scott, when the Capitol was taken, and has issued a decree degrading them from their rank in the army, and dismissing them from civil employments. The army is being organized and increased.

Gov. Trias, of Chihuahua, had marched to oppose the occupation of the Mesilla Valley.

On the 17th instant, a revolution broke out among the National Guards, in consequence of an order received from the Government to incorporate the National Guards with the troops of the Line.

The revolution lasted three days, during which time business was entirely suspended. The regular troops had possession of both forts, and the National Guards of the streets and the city gates. A brisk firing was kept up the whole time, but finally the difficulty was ended on the 20th by the regular troops from Jalapa, who entered the city and took 50 of the National Guards prisoners. Subsequently quiet was restored. About 50 of the Guards were killed, and many wounded.

ANOTHER HEAVY VERDICT FOR RAILROAD DAMAGES.—On Thursday, we recorded a verdict rendered in the Circuit Court of the United States, of $6,583 33 damages against the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad Company, in favor of Earl E. Ryder, for injuries sustained in consequence of an accident on that road in September, 1851. Yesterday, referees in a similar case, (and for injuries occasioned by the same accident) against the same company, and in favor of Benjamin F. Williams, returned their award into the Circuit Court of $7,000 damages, and all the costs. The facts in these two cases were, that on the 12th of September, 1851, a bridge about twenty-five feet wide had been taken up on the defendant's road for repairs, and the regular train from Portland for this city, with about one hundred passengers on board, ran at great speed directly into the chasm. The engineer and firemen were instantly killed, and many of the passengers seriously injured. Among the latter was the plaintiff, who received a severe blow on his head, causing concussion of the brain, and whose entire recovery, according to the testimony of several experienced physicians, is extremely doubtful.—*Boston Transcript, May 21.*

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.—A sort of magistrate in the neighborhood of Smyrna, has got into a bad scrape, all on account of locusts. This insect had been of so much annoyance last August, owing to the eggs that it laid upon the grape vines, that this magistrate took upon himself to offer a reward of twenty-five paras a pound for all the eggs that the peasants would collect and bring to him. He had two or three dollars in his treasury, and he thought if a dozen pounds or so of eggs were removed from the vines of his commune, he should do agriculture a service, and merit flattering notice from his superiors. The peasants sallied forth in immense numbers, and in three days laid at their magistrate's feet 17,500 pounds of locusts' eggs! The poor man was in for about $4,000, while something like three dollars and sixpence was all he had in his exchequer. He repudiated at once, and said he should write to Smyrna for further instructions. What the Japanese authorities will think proper to do under the circumstances is yet unknown. The magistrate may be egg-iled.

THE PILGRIMS, FISHERMEN.—Mr. Sabine, in his very able Report on the Fisheries, favors the idea that *one object* had in view by the Pilgrims in coming to this country, was the pursuit of fishing, and among other authorities which he cites, is a "Brief Narrative of the true grounds and causes of the first planting of New England," recently discovered in England. In this narrative, Mr. Winslow speaks of an interview between King James and the agents of the Puritans, who went over to England from Leyden, in 1618, to solicit his consent to their going to America. The monarch asked them, "What profit might arise?" He was answered in a simple word, "Fishing." Whereupon James replied: "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling."

PRESBYTERIAN NEW SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.—A Committee reported a rebuke to the Oswego Presbytery, for refusing to send delegates to the Assembly was connected with slaveholders.

A Committee was appointed to draft resolutions, asking the Government to interfere, to put out all European oppression for conscience' sake.

The Committee on Church extension was discharged, and the Assembly adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.—Among the passengers of the Arctic, is the late Minister to France, Wm. C. Rives, with his family, and Commodore Aulick, the bearer of despatches from China and London.

Owing to the recent bribery exposures, Lord John Russell brought in a bill in Parliament to disenfranchise the Admiralty and Ordinance Employees.

A jubilee meeting of the citizens of Lansbeth has been held to encourage Kossuth.

The Dublin Exhibition was opened on the 12th ult., by the Lord Lieutenant, in the presence of 15,000 persons, and has been unusually successful. Mr. Benson, the Architect of the building, was Knighted. Mr. Dargin, who advanced £80,000 to start the enterprise, declined the honor.

Mrs. Stowe had been received with great enthusiasm, at Exeter Hall, by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, the Earl of Shaftsbury presiding. Professor Stowe and the Rev. Mr. Ward, a colored man, addressed the assemblage. On the 7th she was welcomed to Stafford House, by the Duchess of Sutherland, where, in the midst of an assemblage of rank and aristocracy, and a considerable number of public men, she was presented with the long-talked of address of the women of England. The address was presented by the Earl of Shaftsbury, and responded to by Prof. Stowe. Mrs. Stowe has been petted and lionised by the whole bevy of Duchesses and Countesses.

The penny subscription in England, to be placed in the hands of Mrs. Stowe, already amounts to $6,000.

From Paris we learn that it is stated that the Duke de Nemours was about to pay a visit to the Count de Chambord, when a fusion between the two branches of the Bourbon family will be arranged. Some ardent Legitimists seemed to fancy that a Restoration was not far distant.

The health of the Empress was much better, and she was rapidly improving.

Official information has been received in Paris of the settlement of the question of the Holy Places.

Raspail, the Socialist, had been ordered to quit Brussels, but was taken into the sanctuary of his domicile, by Vailiant, a representative.

The latest dates from Vienna, state that Menzikoff had prevailed on the Porte to acknowledge the independence of Montenegro.

The Freyburg Council of State gives an official account of the late insurrection, stating that it was got up by the clergy.

The Austrian Consul at Salmonica, says that he will hold the Pacha responsible for the annoyances to the Christians.

The Spanish courtiers, irritated with Senator Soule's appointment to represent the United States, and the Madrid journals, are demanding that he be not received.

The Police at Naples had been greatly agitated by a report that Mazzini was on board the United States frigate Cumberland.

Several cargoes of slaves had recently been shipped from the West Coast of Africa.

Another trouble is reported to have taken place at Milan, in consequence of which the military had been ordered out, and a large number of arrests had been made.

On Friday morning, the 13th, at nine o'clock, Henry Seldon, a cabin passenger in the Arabia, leaped overboard and was drowned. On the alarm being given, the ship was instantly backed and the boats lowered; and by great exertions the body was recovered, but life was extinct. The deceased was an Englishman, who had been long resident in the United States, and is believed to have a wife and family somewhere in the Union.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 18—2 o'clock, P. M.—A firm inquiry has been maintained for Cotton, and the sales will probably reach 7,000 bales.

At Manchester, business is active, and prices a shade better.

BREADSTUFFS.—No change has taken place; business is not active, and prices are in favor of the buyers.

PROVISIONS.—Messrs. McHenry's circular quotes Bacon as active, but buyers refuse to pay an advance. Beef and Pork are dull. Shoulders are wanted, at 34a35s. Cheese is also wanted. Lard is 6d. dearer. Tallow is steady.

Cloverseed is firmer, from the proposed abolition of the duty. Rice is in better demand.

JOAQUIN, THE MEXICAN ROBBER.—The San Francisco Herald gives a romantic account of Joaquin, the Mexican robber. He recently stopped on the Salinas Plains, and the owner of the house asking him in the course of the conversation, if he had heard of Joaquin, the person addressed, put his hand to his heart, and with grave politeness and penetrating glance, replied—

"Sir, I am that Joaquin, and no man takes me alive, or comes within one hundred yards of me, with these good weapons."

Without any further ceremony, and perfectly unexcited, the robber went on to relate the reason of his conduct in his late career: he had been oppressed, robbed, and persecuted by the Americans in the placers; had lost $40,000, been driven from a piece of land, which he was working with an American companion; had been insulted and grossly maltreated without justice; had been flogged—and he was determined to be revenged for his wrongs, four-fold. He had robbed many, killed many, and more should suffer in the same way. He appeared then to grow very serious, and became excited.

"I was once a great admirer of the Americans, and thought them the most generous, noble, and liberal people in the world, from having seen so many of them in my own country and here, who were men of the most generous and honorable principles, to whom tyranny and injustice were as hateful as the rule of Gachupinos to the Mexicans. I hated the insecurity and revolutions of Mexico, and came here, thinking to end my days in California in peace, as a citizen of the United States. With an American friend, I took up a piece of land not far from Stockton, and was getting a fine little farm under way, when I was annoyed, insulted and injured to such a degree, by my neighbors, that I could not live in peace. I then went in the placers, and was getting on very well, when I was driven from my hold by some of my lawless neighbors. I was in trade and business there, and was wronged and cheated by every one I trusted. At every turn I took, I lost, or was swindled and robbed, and that too, by the very men for whom I had the greatest friendship and admiration. I saw them daily commit acts of the most outrageous and lawless injustice, or of cunning and mean duplicity, hateful to every honorable mind. I then said to myself, I will avenge my wrongs and take the law in my own hands—those who have injured me I'll slay, and those who have not, I'll rob—my track shall leave a trail of blood, and he that seeks me shall bite the dust, or I will die in the struggle. I will get my money back some way or other, and I at least will not submit unrevenging to outrage."

Joaquin said that hearing a large reward was offered for his head or his living body, he rode into Stockton, disguised, walked leisurely around, with his serape thrown over his shoulders, reading the different hand-bills posted up about the town. Coming to one of these, in a public thoroughfare, where $5,000 was offered for his capture, he wrote in pencil underneath: "I will give $10,000 myself—Joaquin"—and leisurely rode out of the town.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.—Buffalo, May 28.—To-day a heated discussion on the slavery question arose. A series of resolutions were reported by the Special Committee, recommending the appointment of a Committee of four from as many slaveholding Synods, to inquire how many members of the Presbyterian Church hold slaves, whether from motives of benevolence, *and whether baptism and marriages are observed among the slaves of members of the church.* The Committee to report to next Assembly.

Dr. Ross, of Tennessee, warmly opposed the resolutions, emphatically asserting that the South never submitted to scrutiny. Messrs. Newton, of Virginia, and McLane, of Mississippi, also warmly opposed the matter. Eventually, the subject was postponed amid much excitement, until Monday.

STONING CHERRIES BEFORE THEY GROW.—Cherries without stones have been produced in France, it is said, by the following method:—In the Spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry-tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in the form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriation, or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards the two sections are brought together, and tied with woolen, care being taken to close hermetically with clay the whole length of the cleft. The sap soon reunite the separated portions of the tree and, two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellets.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—The damages that might be recovered under the New York Laws, against the New York and New Haven Railroad, on account of those who were killed at Norwalk, would amount to $225,000, and from fifty to sixty thousand dollars more for the loss of property and individual injuries. Under the Connecticut laws the damage for the dead might amount to four or five hundred thousand dollars. One suit has already been commenced by the friends of one of the killed, in which the damages are laid at twenty-five thousand dollars, and another in which one hundred thousand dollars is claimed. A speedy verdict in favor of the claimant, and a speedy enforcement of the payment of the money, would do more good than all the legislative enactments that can be made.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.—Dr. Holmes, who for seven years was examining Physician to the Coroner, has, after a long series of experiments, succeeded in discovering a method of preserving the bodies of the dead. The process is extremely simple: An artery in one of the lower limbs is opened, and by it a liquid is injected into the blood. The length of time required for the operation is only about fifteen minutes. Our reporter yesterday saw the body of a female child which was embalmed upwards of a month ago by Dr. Holmes, and from the appearance of the body it would seem that the experiment of the doctor had been highly satisfactory. Dr. Holmes intends taking immediate steps to secure a patent for this discovery.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MORE RASCALITY.—The New York Aldermen have got into fresh trouble. They lately gave to Messrs Russ and Reid a contract for paving the whole extent of the Bowery with the Russ paving, at a cost of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, when other persons offered to do the work for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, equally as well. The Supreme Court, on the same principle established in the railroad cases, granted an injunction on the Council, restraining them from completing the contract, and the Mayor was notified of the fact. In the face of this, they immediately directed the completion of the contract, thus incurring the penalty of imprisonment for contempt of court.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Maryland Legislature has rejected the bill to aid in the erection of the Monument to the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, proposed to be erected at Philadelphia.

Several severe cases of cholera morbus have occurred at Wheeling within a few days, from eating rhubarb pies.

The fly, it is said, has appeared in the wheat in Washington Co., Md., and is playing sad havoc with whole fields.

The stockholders of the Connellsville Railroad are to meet at Pittsburg on the 8th of June, to accept or reject the supplementary charter passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature.

During the last eight weeks the population of Keokuk, Iowa, has increased about 2,500; many in the suburbs live in tents, which extend over a mile square.

A MAN IN DISGUISE.—Last summer, a reputed female was going the rounds, instructing ladies in the art of cutting dresses, hailing from the North, we believe. We understand that this cutter of ladies' garments was a man in disguise—one who had donned the petticoats for some unexplained reason, and passed for a female until after death.—*Fredericksburg Herald.*

A LONG WILL.—The will of the late Gen. James Taylor, of Newport, Ky., covers 211 pages of royal octavo. The fee for recording it amounts to $21 80. It relates to property valued at $4,000,000, and gives freedom and property to more than twenty human beings, and their posterity.

Some months since, a disagreement about fare occurred between a passenger, resident in Orleans county, N. Y., and one of the conductors on the Rochester and N. F. road, which resulted in the expulsion of the former from the cars. A suit was instituted in the Orleans Circuit Court, which came to a trial last week, and resulted in favor of the plaintiff. The Court sentenced the conductor to ten days in the county jail and $100 fine. The ten days was, at the instance of the defendant, commuted to an additional $50, making $150 in all, which was paid.

Private letters from London, the Tribune says, state that Chevalier Wykoff, of whose strange love adventures the public have been apprised, had re appeared in that city in company with Miss Gamble, (at whose instigation he was locked up at Genoa, we believe,) and the story now is, that the pair are such warm friends, that their marriage is looked for at any moment; in fact, that their intention of marriage has been publicly avowed by them.

By the decease, without issue, of a certain Absalom Sharp, late of Mississippi, a very large fortune has fallen to his brothers and sisters, or their heirs, who are supposed to reside in Western Pennsylvania. Besides property in Mississippi, the deceased left an estate in Louisiana, appraised at the sum of $70,000. His brothers were John, Henry and Levi Sharp.

FLY IN THE WHEAT.—This destructive insect has already commenced its ravages in a portion of the county. We have advices from several gentlemen in the upper and lower portions of our county, who give no accounts and make no mention of the fly. In the middle portion of the county, and in Buckingham valley, it is particularly destructive.—*Bucks Co. Democrat.*

KOSSUTH.—The English newspapers are publishing Kossuth's speeches again. He was recently presented with a copy of Shakspeare, paid for by subscriptions of one penny each, by 20,000 English workmen, and in the course of his remarks, said that he had made six hundred speeches, in England and America, since his release from captivity.

ANOTHER GREAT EXHIBITION.—A despatch from Washington says that advices have been received at the State Department, from the American Legation in Paris, to the effect that a Universal Exhibition of Agriculture and Manufactures is to be held in Paris, on the 1st of May, 1855, to which all nations are cordially invited to send contributions. The Emperor Napoleon has informed the American Ambassador of the fact.

Later accounts from the Texas gold regions are less favorable.

The new School Law of Ohio provides for the instruction of colored children in every township of the State, and for purchasing libraries for the Common Schools, in which there shall be no books of a sectarian character.

The following act has been recently passed and approved in Massachusetts:

When after the birth of an illegitimate child, his parents have intermarried or shall intermarry, and his father has acknowledged, or shall, after the marriage, acknowledge him as his child, such child shall be considered as legitimate to all intents and purposes.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope to the 22nd of March, state that the Kaffirs had terminated the war, and that the treaty of peace was signed on the 9th of March.

Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of Baltimore, has been elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, by the Diocesean Convention, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the perversion of Bishop Ives.

The clipper ship Northern Light arrived at Boston in 76 days from San Francisco. This is the shortest trip ever made.

A Bill has been reported in the General Assembly of Connecticut, by the Judiciary Committee, allowing divorces to be granted after one year's desertion.

AN INTERESTING FACT FOR SNUFF-TAKERS.—A late English paper states that a snuff and tobacco manufacturer has recently been fined by the Excise Commissioners, in the mitigated penalty of £25, (his liability being $300) for mixing chromate of lead with snuff. His object, he said, was "to add brilliancy to the mixture."

GREAT SNOW STORM IN ENGLAND IN MAY.—The English papers give accounts of a severe snow storm at Holmfirth, in England, on the 9th of May. The railway trains were delayed in their trips several hours, the snow being four feet deep, on the hills, and 18 inches on the plains and valleys.

BURYING THE DEAD.—The City Government of Boston has decided that there shall be no burials in the graveyards within the precincts of the city, after July 1st, and, by an ordinance, bodies cannot be removed from the Boston graveyards without special permission, between June 1 and October 1.

THE TRANSPORTATION OF CONVICTS.—The English are perplexed to know where they shall establish a penal colony. The people of Van Diemen's Land will not have them, and a proposition to send them to the Cape of Good Hope nearly caused a rebellion. The Falkland Islands are now suggested. It is stated that the number of convicts annually transported from England exceeds 2,000, and that 50,000 persons are now under sentence of transportation for life.

The Mississippi River is said to be fast wearing away the Illinois banks, and it is gravely intimated that St. Louis will find itself six miles distant from that river within the next ten, or possibly the next five years.

Mr. James Hall, the New York geologist, has recently made an examination of a tract of coal lands in McKean County, Pennsylvania, comprising about six thousand acres, and estimates the amount of coal thereon at over thirty-six millions of tons, allowing an annual consumption of half a million of tons for over seventy years. The most ready outlet for this large deposit is said to be by the proposed Buffalo and Pittsburg Railroad, which, if completed, will bring the former city in close proximity with the coal it needs, instead of being compelled to receive it in a roundabout way and at advanced prices.

The accuracy of the theory on which the chances of life are based, and on which the various insurance companies graduate their policies, is thus singularly illustrated:—"According to the calculations based on the English life tables, it was estimated, *a priori*, that of all the immigrants to the United States since 1790, 2,214,000 should be living at the date of the last census. The actual returns of that census give us the number of foreign born residents 2,210,000—a remarkable instance of the accuracy which may be attained by scientific deductions on points which seemingly admit no elements of calculation."

The Prohibitory Liquor Bill introduced in the California Legislature had been lost by a vote of 14 to 22.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.—A manufacturing firm in Knoxville, Tenn., has on hand orders for five steam engines, to be made there during this summer.

IDOLATRY.—The Chinese company, lately arrived at New York, before they would decide to perform on Friday night at Niblo's, tossed up their wooden God, Josh, (heads or tails,) to learn whether they could do so with impunity. "Josh," like leaded dice, came down favorably.

STUBBORN.—A man in Lancaster County refused to pay his school tax, $1,90, when the constable sold his house for $112, took out the tax and costs, and tendered the balance. He would not take it, and said it must be paid to Esquire Miller, his agent, some miles distant. The constable refused to do so; the man prosecuted, went to court, lost his case, and paid the costs.

A few days since, a Miss Nancy Sherman died of starvation, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. She considered herself a medium for spiritual communications, and stated to her friends that the spirits had forbidden her to use food. She lived three weeks without eating, and died at last in a most horrible manner.

A SALT LAND.—Professor Loomis, late of Waterville College, now in Peru, writes to the N. York Courier, that on a salt plain, which he traversed, the houses are all built of salt—their bedsteads consist of an elevation of part of the room two feet higher than the rest of the floor, and that is a wall of salt. The wells are dug in this bed of salt, and they never find water anywhere else.

LITERARY LABOR.—The last number of Dickens' Household Words says:—In the last year we have read nine hundred manuscripts, of which eleven were available for this journal, after being entirely re-written. In the same period we received and answered two thousand letters, and made appointments with an odd two or three hundred more of our fellow creatures than there were pounds to pay for the celebrated nails in the horses shoes, which will go down to posterity rusty with the tears of school-boys.

Patrick O'Donohue, another of the Irish Exiles, had escaped from Van Dieman's Land, and probably left in one of the American ships trading to Australia, and will shortly arrive at some Atlantic port.

There are now in California about 22,000 Chinamen. The capital invested and owned by the Chinese in the State, is one million of dollars.

The late Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania is to reassemble at Harrisburg, on the 28th of July, to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Cass, our Minister to Rome, is in Paris, and recently jumped from his horse, plunged into the Seine, and rescued a drowning female.

LONG ABSTINENCE.—A turkey hen, belonging to Mr. Samuel Davis, of Chester County, got wedged in between the boards and the hay in the loft, where it lived forty-one days without food or drink before it was discovered. It was not able to stand when released, but is now recovered.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain—James Buchanan, of Pa. Secretary of Legation—John Appleton, of Maine.

To Spain—Pierre Soule, of La.

To Russia—Thomas H. Seymour, of Conn.

To Mexico—James Gadsden, of S. C. Secretary of Legation—John Cripe, of California.

To Prussia—Peter D. Vroom, of N. J.

To Central America—Solon Borland, of Ark. Secretary of Legation—Frederick A. Beller, of Penn.

To Brazil—Wm. Trousdale, of Tenn.

To Chili—Samuel Medary, Ohio.

To Peru—John R. Clay, late Charge d'Affaires in Peru, and formerly Secretary of Legation in Russia and Austria.

Minister Resident in Switzerland—Theodore S. Fay, long Secretary of Legation at Berlin.

Charges d'Affaires.—For Belgium—J. J. Seibles, of Ala. For Netherlands—August Belmont, of N. Y. For Sardinia—Richard K. Meade, of Va. For the two Sicilies—Robert Dale Owen, of Ind. For Austria—Henry K. Jackson, of Ga. For Bolivia—Ch. Levi Woodbury, of Mass. For Denmark—Henry Bedinger, of Va. For Buenos Ayres—Wm. H. Bissell, of Ill. For New Grenada—James S. Green, of Mo. Commissioner to the Hawaiian Islands—Shelton F. Leake, of Va.

Consuls.—At ———, Charles L. Denman, of California; at Alexandria, Edwin De Leon, of S. C.; at Basle, David S. Lee, of Iowa; at Bermuda, John W. Howdin, of Ohio; at Bordeaux, Alfred Gilmore, of Pa; at Bremen, Wm. Hildebrand, of Wis; at Cork, Dennis Mullen, of New York; at Dublin, W. J. Lynch, of Ill.; at Dundee, Wm. H. De Wolt, of R. I.; at Havana, Alex. M. Clayton, of Miss; at Hamburg, S. M. Johnson, of Mich.; at Hong Kong, James Keenan, of Pa.; at Honolulu, Benj. F. Angell, of N. Y.; at Lahaine, Geo. W. Chase, of Maine; at Liverpool, Nathl. Hawthorne, of Mass.; at Melbourne, Jas. W. Tarleton, of Ala; at Panama, Thomas W. Ward, of Texas; at Paris, Duncan K. McRae, of N. C; at Rio de Janeiro, Robert G. Scott, of Va.; at St. Thomas, Chas. J. Ham, of Ky.; at Talcahuano, Wm. R. Plato, of Ill.; at Trieste, Clyndham Robinson, of La.; at Trinidad de Cuba, John Hubbard, of Maine; at Valparaiso, Reuben Wood, of Ohio; at Venice, Donald G. Mitchell, of Ct.; at Zurich, Geo. F. Grundy, of Pa.

Special Mail Agents Appointed.—B. B. Chapman, of Elyria, Ohio, for Ohio and Michigan; Wm. J. Crane, for Pennsylvania; Virgil Parish, of Me., for New England.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—First District, Bayly, Dem., elected, no opposition; second, Millson, Dem., elected; third, Caskie, Dem, 300 majority; fourth, Goode, Dem., elected; fifth, Morton, Whig, 175 majority. In Campbell Co. the result is doubtful. Sixth District, no returns received; seventh, Snowden, Whig, 150 ahead, and four counties yet to hear from—result doubtful; eighth, Faulkner, Dem., is chosen; in the ninth, tenth and twelfth there is no opposition to the Democratic candidates. The Legislature will be largely Democratic in both branches.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The House rejected the resolve providing for the erection of a monument to Daniel Webster, by a vote of 111 to 115. In the Senate, the Hoosac Tunnel Bill was rejected.

OREGON.—The Democratic Territorial Convention nominated General Joseph Lane as candidate for delegate to Congress. After the adoption of some resolutions, approving of the National Democratic Platform, and declaring "the Sandwich Islands a necessary appendage to part of the American possessions on this coast," the Convention adjourned.

COL. BENTON.—The Colonel is out against Nullification, the Southern Pacific Railroad Route, and the appointments to office. He says:—

"You all know that many most unfit, and some even infamous appointments to office have been made in our State, and that for the basest purposes, and over the heads of the best citizens, properly recommended by good men, whose recommendations were entitled to respect. You all know this has been done, and I consider it treachery to the State, and the prostitution of official positions to private views, and sinister designs of unprincipled men."

He further says he is a candidate for United States Senator, to save the State from nullification, and to rebuke traitors who sold the office to a booby. He also desires to accomplish some further good. He speaks in the strongest terms of condemnation of some of President Pierce's appointments. The President, he says, was deceived by false representations, to give offices to scamps, "whose legs were never seen crossed under a gentleman's table—who were the scum and dregs of all parties—who were fugitives from routed fields, or deserters from pledges given to the people when they obtained these appointments."

UNITED STATES LIGHT ARTILLERY.—The St. Louis Republican of the 14th inst. says:

"Yesterday a number of gentlemen from this city had the pleasure of witnessing the exercise of target-shooting, at Jefferson Barracks, by Captain Brown's company of Light Artillery. It was a test of what is called, in the army service, the 'spherical cased shot,' an improvement upon 'Schrapnell's' cased shot. The principle is this:—An iron case like a bombshell, is loaded with musket balls, and just sufficient powder in the shell to explode it. The aperture is closed by a metallic fuse, which is so graded that it may be made to explode at any given time, from the instant of firing the cannon. When it explodes, the projectile force carries the balls within it one or two hundred yards further, almost in a horizontal line; and with a force equal to the discharge from a musket. To illustrate: If the artillery were a mile in front of an enemy, they would throw these spherical cased shot, calculating the time and distance, so that it would explode fifty yards in front of the enemy. When the shell exploded, it would send more musket balls through the enemy's ranks than a whole company of infantry would do, and with an equal or greater force. It is a death-dealing invention, and when brought to more experienced use will make the Light Artillery the most important arm of the warfare. The experiments were made under the supervision of Col. Bragg, and witnessed by a number of officers of the army. The shots were fired from a howitzer and from a six pounder, at the several distances of 450, 750, and 850 yards, at a comparatively small target, and it was completely riddled by the musket balls. It was a most gratifying exhibition of the accuracy with which the artillery guns can be directed. Captain Brown's company is now full, and the army cannot, we presume, boast of a more efficient and better disciplined command.

ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH.—This new parcels delivering express has been examined by a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, who are about to report favorably; and as a company has been formed to lay down a tube for it two feet in diameter from New York to Boston, for the delivery of letters and parcels, a charter will no doubt be granted. Subscriptions to the stock are already in progress, with the prospect of speedily raising $100,000, with which the tube can be laid from Boston to Worcester. The invention has been patented, and the patent is owned by a company chartered under a general law of Massachusetts. This curious undertaking is looked to with as much wonder as the electric telegraph.

TEXAS GOLD.—The gold fever in Texas, which is a kind of annual epidemic, has had but a short run this year. The one hundred and fifty dollar lumps, found on the Colorado, are few and very far between. In fact, according to the Galveston News, the whole thing is a delusion. The diggers, who had returned, say there is gold in the region, but it will not pay for the labor of gathering it. One or two dollars per day was the most which many of the diggers had procured, while the greater number had got nothing. At the last accounts the fever was rapidly abating, the grog-shop keepers in the neighborhood being the only persons who have profited by the excitement.

LATEST NEWS.—The New York Express informs its readers that the division in the Society of Friends was caused by one Isaac Hicks, who drew off that portion now denominated Hicksites! This will be news to both branches of Friends, who have no knowledge of any such name in connection with the division. The Express also informs its readers that the "Hicksites" do not hold to the old uniformity of plainness of apparel! We are of opinion that the Express knows more about the price of stocks and cotton, than the religious history of the country.—*Philadelphia Register.*

STATEMENT OF C. M. CLAY.—Cassius M. Clay, who emancipated his slaves some eight years ago, recently stated to the N. Y. Tribune, that his farm is now yielding him handsome returns, whereas before, it used to run him constantly in debt. He has no difficulty in procuring white men as laborers, though he hires a portion of his old slaves. He cuts more hay, has better pasturage, and raises more and better stock than formerly, and his experiment, which was made under the most embarrassing circumstances, has proved, in every way, eminently successful.

COLONIZATION.—A correspondent of the London Times, over the signature of "An American Sister," proposes that the 562,848 English ladies who signed the address to Mrs. Stowe, each contribute the sum of one dollar for the purposes of colonization, and states that 22,514 American negroes could, with that amount, be sent to Liberia under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. The lady seems to be in earnest, as she enclosed her card to the editor of the Times.

SOMETHING DESIRABLE.—Robert Mills engineer and architect, of Washington city, says there is hope of exemption from railroad accident, by the consummation and perfecting of a plan of railroad combining, with economy of construction, all the requisites for safety to the traveller. If there is, we hope it will be speedily realized. According to Mr. Mills, it is near its accomplishment, when the locomotive will travel safely to the Pacific, in as many minutes as there are miles of distance.

THE BLACKS AT THE OPERA.—The suit between the colored woman, Mrs. Remond, and Mr. Palmer, agent of the Opera Troupe, has been withdrawn, and the whole matter in relation thereto settled. On Wednesday evening, the colored woman and two or three of her friends were permitted to visit the opera, and occupy seats in the family circle. By the advertisement for this evening, it appears that colored persons will be admitted to no part of the house except the gallery.—*Boston Jour.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—The Chelsea Advertiser says:—At the burning of Mr. John Littlefield's carpenter shop, on Tuesday last, a most touching scene was presented by some pigeons who had a house there. The old ones took their young as fast as they could to a place of safety, but the smoke soon became so dense that nearly thirty of the poor things were suffocated. The distress of those who escaped was manifested by their hovering in the midst of the flames.

☞ Rev. Zelotes Fuller will preach in the Phoenix Street Church, Kensington, on Sunday morning, at 10½ o'clock.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION OF A JUROR, AND BARBARITY OF A JUDGE.—At St. Louis, during a murder trial, one of the jurors on adjournment went home, instead of going to the jury-room. The Court the next morning took him to task for his conduct, when he replied that he had been a married man for twelve years, and had never been away from his wife one night in the whole of that time, and that he found it utterly impossible to be absent from her. The Judge fined the delinquent $50 for his conjugal affection, which fine was afterward commuted to three days imprisonment in jail.—*St. Louis Intelligencer.*

BAPTIST CONVENTION.—The Southern Baptist Convention recently held at Baltimore, appointed a committee to memorialize the Government in favor of securing religious liberty to all Americans in foreign countries; declined co-operating, in the matter of domestic missions, with the Northern Baptists, because of the opposition of the latter to slaveholding in the church; rejected a memorial to encourage the education of slaves; and resolved to further the distribution of the word of God "in foreign lands."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamer Georgia, with over two millions in gold, arrived at New York. The Star of the West, with one day's later news from California, also arrived from San Juan, with 437 passengers. She brings $80,000 in gold on freight, and $300,000 in the hands of passengers.

FALSE HAIR.—An article in the London Quarterly Review says, that the imports of false hair from the Continent into Europe, amounts to five tons annually, the black hair coming from Brittany and the South of France, and the light hair from Germany.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 138—Adults 61 and children 77.

ROUND THE WORLD.—It is estimated, that when the Pacific Railroad shall be completed—its ultimate, nay early, construction, being now a matter of certainty—a jaunt round the world can be made in *ninety-three days*—as follows: New York to San Francisco, 4 days; San Francisco to Hong Kong, 25 days; Hong Kong to Calcutta, 6 days; Calcutta to Bombay, 15 days; Bombay to England, 33 days; London to New York, 10 days—total 93 days.

☞ MOTTO FOR THE ANTI-WOMAN' RIGHTS CONVENTION.—"A man's a man for a' that."

IT IS SUPERSEDING ALL OTHERS.

☞ Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge, *is rapidly supplanting all other Worm Medicines.* Where used, it produced the best effects, driving out all other remedies. Read the following:

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Jan. 29, 1851.

MESSRS. J. KIDD & CO.—Please send me ten gross M'Lane's Vermifuge. I have sold double the amount of your Vermifuge to that of Fahnestock, in 1850; and I think this year the latter will be pretty well worn out. JOHN F. DEMOVILLE.

TOLESBORO', Lewis Co., Ky., Feb. 5, 1851.

MESSRS. J. KIDD & CO.—The demand for Doctor M'Lane's Vermifuge and the Liver Pills is very great, and I wish to have a lot of each to sell on commission. Heretofore, Fahnestock's Vermifuge has been the most valuable, *but M'Lane's is now superseding his.* H. EVERSOB.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 28, 1853.

REMARKS—There have been but few changes to notice in the market since our last report. The foreign advices have caused rather more firmness in Cotton, but otherwise they have had no effect. Rye Flour and Meal have been dull, but Wheat and Corn meet a fair inquiry at steady prices. Flour has been rather more inquired after, partly on speculation.—Bark is held firmly, and the stock is small. In Coal there is no new feature to present. In Groceries the transactions have been on a very restricted scale, partly owing to the unfavorable weather on Tuesday and Wednesday, which mostly suspended wharf operations. Provisions have been quiet, and the sales have only been in small lots to supply the wants of the trade. Rice is dull and prices barely supported. In Seeds there has been nothing doing, and prices are nominal for all descriptions. The Tobacco market is quiet, but prices are firm for all descriptions.—Wool is in limited request, the manufacturers holding off for the new clip, and only purchasing for the supply of their immediate wants. In Freights there has been rather more doing, but the rates are unchanged. Colliers are scarce and meet with quick despatch to the Eastward at remunerative rates.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour since our last notice show a slight falling off compared with the inspections of the previous week.—The inactivity which has characterised the market for some time past continued until Wednesday, since which there has been more inquiry, mostly on speculation. The sales for the week amount to 10a12,000 bbls mixed and good brands at $4,50a4,56¼ per bbl, including some of select brands at $4,56¼a4,62½, and extra at $4,75a5. The sales for city consumption have been to a limited extent, within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is dull, and has declined 12½c per bbl. Sales of 3a400 bbls at $3,75. Corn Meal has been but little inquired after. Sales of bbls Pennsylvania at $2,75 per bbl, mostly lined and delivered.

GRAIN—There has been a fair inquiry for Wheat, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 15a16,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania white at $1,16, and red at $1,08 per bushel, all afloat. Rye is 2 cts lower; 2a3,000 bushels sold at 80c. Corn has met an active inquiry, and about 36,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow found buyers at 64c, and white at 58a59½c, afloat. At the close there was less activity in the market. Oats are unchanged; sales of Pennsylvania at 44c, and Delaware at 43c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Small sales of Mess Pork at $16a per bbl, and Prime at $14,50 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores at our former quotations. Bacon is quiet, but prices remain without change—sales of Hams at 10a12 cts per lb for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides 8½a8¾c, and Shoulders at 6¾c per lb, 4 mos. In bulk Meats nothing doing. Lard is held at 10½c per lb in bbls, and 10½a11c in kegs. Butter ranges from 12 to 17c per lb. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been but a small business doing during the past week, and there are no changes to notice in prices. The stocks are moderate.

ASHES—Prices remain without change.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is small, and prices firm. Sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $25 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is in demand, but there is very little offering; small sales of prime Yellow at 28a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices are steady, but the sales have been only in small lots at our former quotations.

COAL—The demand for Schuylkill is quite moderate, but for Lehigh there is an active inquiry. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company have made a dividend of six per cent., payable after the 1st proximo, in *prepared Coal*, deliverable at the Company's current retail prices. Until further notice and for immediate delivery only, the price of Coal, deliverable as above stated, will be for broken egg and stove, $4,75 per ton of 2,240 lbs. Bituminous Coal has declined; several cargoes sold at 18a18½c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet during the past week. Sales of 4,500 bags Rio at 9½a10c; 400 packets Java at 11½c per lb, on time, and 800 bags Laguayra on private terms. Two cargoes, 6,400 bags Rio, have arrived since our last notice.

COPPER—Is dull, and prices are rather unsettled. Small sales of English Sheathing at 30c, and Yellow Metal at 24a25c per lb, 6 months.

COTTON—The market was exceedingly dull and inactive early in the week, but since the receipt of the Europa's advices, noting a slight advance in Liverpool, there has been a better feeling, and prices are firmer. Sales of 600 bales at 8¾a11½c per lb for inferior and fully fair Upland, and 10a12½c for New Orleans.

The following is a comparative statement of the Imports, Stocks, &c., of the Liverpool Cotton market, from January 1 to May 6th, 1853, and the corresponding period in 1852:

	All kinds Bales	American Bales
Imports, 1853	923,723	740,602
" 1852	814,388	715,542
Increase	109,335	25,060
Stock, 1853	748,500	498,010
" 1852	500,570	359,630
Increase	247,930	138,380
Consumption, 1853	692,910	537,410
" 1852	630,050	504,730
Increase	62,860	Increase 32,680

COTTON RECEIPTS.

	1853.	1852.
The receipts of Cotton since Sept are (bales)	3,087,602	2,834,491
Exports	2,130,957	2,046,057
Shipments from Southern to Northern ports	532,780	526,705
Stock in all ports	431,392	369,320
Stock in New York	96,929	66,047
Do New Orleans	327,467	327,306

The exports seem to be falling off as well as the receipts, but the stock is accumulating, and the market consequently is kept constantly in favor of the buyer without essential change of quotations.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a steady business doing without change in prices. Sales of Soda Ash at 2⅛a3c per lb; Sal Soda 1¼; Sal Amonia at 18c; 30 tons Crude Brimstone, and 45 cases Lac Dye on private terms.

FEATHERS—But few offering. Sales of fine and prime Western in lots from 45a46c per lb, cash.

FISH—There have been but few Mackerel arriving, and the demand is limited. Small sales of No 1 from store at $13a13,50 per bbl. The market is nearly bare of No 2 and 3. In Herring and Codfish nothing doing.

FRUIT—An import of 1,900 boxes Palermo Oranges and 1,200 boxes Lemons has arrived since our last notice, all of which has been disposed of from the wharf on terms not made public. Another cargo has just arrived. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull and prices barely supported.

GINSENG—Is scarce, and no further sales have transpired, except a small lot of Crude at 47½c per lb, cash.

GUANO—There is a steady inquiry for both Peruvian and Patagonia at our last quotations.

HEMP—Is exceedingly quiet, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS—Are scarce and in better demand. A lot of extra Western sold at 21a22c per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no further sales have transpired, except a lot of Caraccas at $1,10 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The stock of Pig Metal continues small, and prices are firm. Sales of 3a400 tons Nos 1 and 2 Anthracite at $33a35, and 300 tons Wheel Iron at $40 per ton, 6 mos. Scotch Pig sells in small lots at $35. Prices are steady for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—The market continues very quiet. No sales.

LEATHER—There is less activity, as usual at this season of the year, but prices are firm for all descriptions.

LUMBER—Laths dull, and sell only in small lots at $1,75 per M. Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards are plenty and dull at $14a15 per M feet, at which rates several cargoes were disposed of.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 21st inst. feet 1,824,899

Previously 7,112,743

Total this season 8,937,642

MOLASSES—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but prices are firm.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of 500 bbls North County Rosin at $1,50, and 500 bbls Soap at $1,75a2,50 per bbl. A sale of 150 bbls Tar at $2,50, and 100 bbls Pitch at $1,75. Spirits of Turpentine has been unsettled, and prices are lower. Sales of 55a57c per gallon.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils excepting for crude Whale, of which some sales have been effected from the wharf at 52a55c. About 2,000 gallons Linseed Oil sold at 64c. Lard Oil is held firmly.

PLASTER—But little arriving. An import of soft sold at $3,75 per ton.

RICE—The demand has been limited, and the sales are only in small lots at 4a4½ cts, cash and on time.

SALT—There have been no further arrivals or sales since our last notice.

SEEDS—There has been nothing doing in Cloverseed, and for Timothy and Flaxseed prices are nominal.

SPICES—The sales have been only in retail lots without change in prices.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are in steady demand at full rates. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 30c. Whiskey has been in limited request. Sales of bbls at 22½a22c, closing at the latter quotations, and hhds at 22c.

SUGAR—The market has been very quiet during the past week, partly owing to the unfavorable state of the weather. Sales of 3a400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¼a5c per lb, on time, and 2,000 bags white Brazil on time, not made public.

TALLOW—Prices range from 8a8½ cts per lb for Country and City Rendered.

TEAS—There is a fair inquiry for the supply of the West at full rates.

TOBACCO—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured limited.—Prices are firm.

WINES—The stock is light, and prices firm, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet during the past week. The stock is small and prices firm, but the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants. Sales of 40,000 lbs, in lots, from 32 to 58c per lb.

The production of Wool during the year ending June 1, 1850, according to the abstract of the Seventh Census, recently published, was 52,789,174 lbs, as follows:—Maine, 1,364,034 lbs; New Hampshire, 1,108,476; Vermont, 3,400,717; Massachusetts, 585,136; Rhode Island, 129,692; Connecticut, 497,454; New York, 10,071,301; New Jersey, 375,396; Pennsylvania, 4,481,570; Delaware, 57,768; Maryland, 480,226; District of Columbia, 525; Virginia, 2,860,765; North Carolina, 970,738; South Carolina, 487,233; Georgia, 990,019; Florida, 23,247; Alabama, 657,118; Mississippi, 559,619; Louisiana, 109,897; Texas, 131,374; Arkansas, 182,595; Tennessee, 1,364,378; Kentucky, 2,296,403; Ohio, 10,196,371; Michigan, 2,043,283; Indiana, 2,610,287; Illinois, 2,150,113; Missouri, 1,627,164; Iowa, 373,898; Wisconsin, 253,963; California, 5,520; Minnesota Territory, 85; Oregon, 29,686; Utah, 9,222; New Mexico, 32,901.

The Abstract of the Census further states that "though the number of sheep has increased in ten years but 12 per cent., the aggregate weight of their fleeces has augmented 46 per cent. In 1840, there were 19,311,374 sheep, yielding 35,802,114 pounds of Wool, equal to 1·84 lbs per head. In 1850, the average weight of each fleece was 2·43 lbs, from which it would appear that such an improvement had taken place in various breeds of the American sheep, as to increase their average product about 32 per cent. throughout the United States."

The imports of Wool from 1841 to 1851 inclusive, were as follows:

Years.	Quantity—Pounds.	Value.
1841	15,006,410	$1,091,953
1842	11,420,958	796,482
1843—9 mos	3,517,100	245,080
1844	14,008,000	851,460
1845	23,833,040	1,689,794
1846	16,5 8,247	1,134,226
1847	8,460,409	555,622
1848	11,341,429	857,034
1849	17,869,022	1,177,347
1850	18,669,794	1,681,691
1851	32,548,695	3,809,000

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull, and the only engagements reported are 700 bales of Cotton at ¼d per lb, and 1,500 bags Ginger at 30s per ton. A vessel was chartered to load Corn for Cork at 6d per bushel. Colliers are scarce and in demand at $1,75a1,81½ per ton to Boston; $1,35a1,40 to Rhode Island, and $1 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	109	—	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	68½	70
" '67	121½	—	P Township	34	35
" '68	121½	—	Girard	13½	14
" 5s '53	101½	—	Western	75	73
" '65	106	—	Man&Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off			Bk of Com	66	66½
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	66	—
" 6s Gas	106	106½	Tradsmen's Bk Co	36½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	54½	56
Penna 5s	100	—	M & M Pitts	54½	57½
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange,Pitts	54	55½
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennesee 5s	94½	95	Louis, Ky	114	—
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	117	117½
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Northern	115	115½
Texas T Notes	45	48	Union, Tenn	97	100
" Bds 8s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	97	100
Schuyl N 6s	83	83½	Vicksburg	16½	17
" Int	53½	53½	Com. Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	98½	98½	N O Gas Bk	128	129
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	25	25½
" Mort 6s	101½	—	" pref'd to	33½	33½
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav.	76	76½
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	151	152
BeaMdw R 6s	89	90	Morris Cl	22½	22½
Susqueh Cl 6s	64	66	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	—
Norrist'n R 6s	99½	100½	Union Cl	16½	17
Harris R 6s	100½	101	Cam&Am R	151	152
Wst R 6s	98	98½	Penna R	49½	50
Read R 6s	86	88½	Bea Mdw R	55½	56
" Mort 6s	96	96½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4½	4½	Susqueh Cl	15	15½
N Amer Bk	155	156	Norristown R	54½	55
Penna Bk	126½	126½	Harrisburg R	52½	53
Philadelphia	137½	138½	Wilmington R	38½	39
Far & Mec	72½	73	Reading R	44	44½
Commercial	68½	—	Minehill R	70	71
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Mechanics	32½	33	N W Min Co	—	96

CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS

or costiveness, headache, giddiness, pain in the side and breast, nausea and sickness, variable appetite, yellow or swarthy complexion, &c., are the usual symptoms of Liver Complaint. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are always certain to remove the above complaints, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause, not only of all disorders of the Liver, but of every malady incident to man. A single 25 cent box will in all cases give relief, and perseverance will most assuredly drive every particle of disease from the body.

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Doctor SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. The time must soon come, when every family, every physician, every asylum and hospital, must be provided with this great Family Medicine. Such is its influence over disease, that its place cannot be supplied, where a healthful expectorant is required; its great virtues in diseases of the Throat, Breast or Lungs, incipient or confirmed Consumption, &c., cannot be obtained from any other preparation of the present day, as the experience of thousands have testified.

BE VERY PARTICULAR to obtain the original Preparation, as prepared by DR. SWAYNE, at his Laboratory, No. 4 North SEVENTH Street, (late 8th and Race,) PHILADA. Until you obtain this compound, you will never know the *real virtues of the "Wild Cherry."* It

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 28.

ASHES—Sales of 50 bbls at $4,81¼ for Pots, and $5,31¼a5,37½ for Pearls.

COTTON—We notice a fair demand, and the sales to-day are reported at 3,300 bales, showing an improvement of ⅛c for the week.

FLOUR, &c.—The market for common descriptions is a shade firmer, with a fair demand for home consumption and some speculative inquiry. The transactions aggregate 12,400 bbls at $4,50 for common State, and $4,62½a4,87½ for Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. A moderate demand for Canadian Flour, with sales of 900 bbls at $4,50. Southern Flour unchanged. Sales of 800 bbls at $4,81a5,12½. Rye Flour nominally the same. Sales of 100 bbls Jersey Corn Meal at $3.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is firmer but less active. Sales of 15,700 bushels white Ohio and Michigan at $1,18a1,20; 3,300 red Canadian at $1,03; 3,000 mixed do at $1,10, and 4,000 white do at $1,15½.—Rye is lower, with sales of 800 bushels at 98c. Corn is plenty and prices are without material change; sales of 38,000 bushels at 60a62c for mixed and white Southern, 63c for yellow do, 61a63c for mixed and yellow Western, and 59a60c for unsound. Oats are selling at 45a46c for Jersey, 45a48c for State, and 47a49c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is a shade firmer. Sales of 1,100 bbls at $15,50 for Mess, and $13 for Prime. Beef dull. Sales of 200 bbls at $8,50a10,25 for country Mess, $12a12,50 for city, and repacked Chicago, and $5a5,37½ for country and city Prime. Cut Meats in moderate demand. Sales of 200 tcs. Hams at 8¾a9, and 5¾a6 for Shoulders. Lard market favors purchasers. Sales of 600 bbls at 10a10½c. Butter and Cheese without any change to notice.

WHISKEY—Sales of 500 bbls at 22a22½ for Western and Prison, and 25 Drudge at 21½, time.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 9,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs are selling from $6,50 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 200 in market at prices ranging from $10 to 15 for dry, and $15 to 40 for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,00 to 4,50; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

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ALMANAC.

June, 1853.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
4 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	12 35	
5 Sunday,	4 38	7 22	1 13	
6 Monday,	4 38	7 22	1 51	D. H. M.
7 Tuesday,	4 37	7 23	2 28	New 6 3 3
8 Weds'day,	4 37	7 23	3 19	First 14 10 45
9 Thursday,	4 37	7 23	4 10	Full 21 1 8
10 Friday,	4 37	7 23	5 1	Last 28 1 33
11 Saturday,	4 36	7 24	5 52	

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Chas. Gilpin, Esq. Mayor, of the city of Philadelphia, JAMES W. GUERNSEY, of Tioga county, Pa. to REBECCA W. daughter of Wm. Cowperthwait, of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM SHAFFER, to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. John Gisding.

On the 25th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting-House, Twelfth Street, CHARLES HACKER, to JANE, daughter of Caleb Johnson, Esq. all of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willets, Mr. HIRAM E. BUSH, of Scranton, to Miss ANNA M. STEVENS, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ult. by Ald. Elkinton, Mr. WILLIAM D. CLARK, of this city, to Miss MARY J. GARRETT, of Camden, N. J.

In Manayunk, Pa. on the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. B. Wistar Morris, Mr. JOHN BROUGHTON, to Miss SARAH LORD.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN D. BLAND, to Mrs. ANN L. BROWN, both of this city.

On the 13th Jan. last, by the Rev. H. E. Montgomery, O. C. GRIFFITH, to Miss LOUISA E. FROST, daughter of Silas Frost, Esq. of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. J. BIRD, to Miss MARY THOMAS, daughter of the late Rev. G. W. Thomas, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th Jan. by the Rev. W. D. Ryan, Mr. CHARLES H. WILLIAMS, of this city, to Miss ELLEN M. REYNOLDS, of Lancaster county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. H. A. Hunter, WILLIAM HARVEY, to JANE G. daughter of John DeHart, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by his Honor, Mayor Gilpin, DAVID KEYSER, to REBECCA STEVENSON, daughter of the late Aaron Stevenson, all of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN S. IRVIN, to Miss MATILDA K. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 16th ult. at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Newton, JOHN B. HENRY, to ANNIE M. daughter of John Ashton, Jr.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. G. Reichert, Mr. ROBERT OVERTON, from Leicester, Eng. to Miss MAGDALENA HAFFNER, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. John W. Arthur, Mr. WILLIAM HAWS, to Miss ALICE COLLINS, all of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, JAMES CLOTHIER, to ADELINE WALKER, both of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Byberry, Philadelphia county, on the 24th ult. THOMAS ASHTON, aged 78 years.

On the 24th ult. EDWARD D. CORFIELD, aged 70.

On the 24th ult. Miss ELIZABETH P. HOLLINGSWORTH, aged 34 years.

On the 24th ult. WILLIAM, son of Robert K. Neff, aged 3 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. AMELIA L. TOBIASON, aged 50 years.

On the 25th ult. MARY E. GORDEN, aged 2 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. JACOB W. OBERHEIMER, aged 79 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARY J. PETTERS, aged 27.

On the 25th ult. Mr. JOHN M. LEE.

On the 25th ult. HANNAH, wife of Jos. G. Walter, aged 23 years.

On the 25th ultimo, PHILIP O'DONNELL, aged 20 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH R. wife of Wm. P. Bender, aged 35 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. SUSANNA EDGAR, aged 30.

On the 22d ult. Mr. CHRISTIAN RASS, Sr. aged 69.

On the 23d ult. FRANCIS SAGES, Carpenter, U. S. Navy.

On the 24th ultimo, ANNIE SPRINGER, daughter of Job H. and Margaret F. Smith, aged 14 months.

On the 23d ult. JOHN PLUMMER, aged 43 years.

On the 23d ult. HETTY M. daughter of Theodore J. and Hetty R. Murch.

On the 23d ult. JAMES, son of Patrick and Mary McCaffery, aged 8 months.

On the 23d ult. Mr. CHARLES W. BODDY, aged 32.

On the 22d ult. HANNAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Isaac and Sarah Glackin, aged 17 years.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. MARTHA A. QUIGLEY, aged 42 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. CATHARINE EVANS, aged 26.

On the 21st ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH CLAYTON, aged 68 years.

On the 21st ult. Mr. JACOB KRUZ, aged 55 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Miss MARGARETTA PFEIFFER, aged 33 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MARY, wife of John Ware, aged 19 years.

On the 20th ult. MARY BRINES, aged 42 years.

On the 22d ult. ADAM, son of Adam and Louisa Rose, aged 18 months.

On the 21st ult. JAMES MCCLEAN, aged 27 years.

On the 22d ult. MARY JANE, daughter of Thomas and Mary Minary, aged 9 months.

On the 22d ult. HANNAH STACK, aged 18 years.

On the 22d ult. MARGARET, wife of Robt. Stewart.

On the 20th ult. SARAH CLEIN, aged 67 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ELLEN PICQUET, aged 24 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE COLEMAN, aged 79.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, *No. 32½ South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA
- Philadelphia Banks par
- U S Bank notes 18 dis
- Harrisburg ½ dis
- Chambersburg ½ dis
- York ½ dis
- Gettysburg ½ dis
- Carlisle ½ dis
- Middletown ½ dis
- Brownsville ½ dis
- Pittsburg ½ dis
- Washington co ½ dis
- Honesdale ½ dis
- Waynesburg ½ dis
- Erie ½ dis
- All other solv't Bks par
- Relief notes ½ dis

NEW JERSEY.
- Trenton, Mt Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to's Bkg Co par
- Plainfield closed
- State Bk Morr s do
- Coml Bk Perth Amboy do
- Peoples Bk Patterson do
- N Hope Del Bridge Co do
- Yardleyville do 10 dis
- New Brunswick ½ dis
- Newark ½ dis
- Morris co ½ dis
- Middletown Point ½ dis
- Orange ½ dis
- Belvidere ½ dis
- Rahway ½ dis
- Dover ½ dis
- All New Jersey secured by stocks ½ dis

DELAWARE.
- All solvent banks par
- Under 5's ½

MARYLAND.
- Baltimore banks ½ dis
- Mineral Bk ½ dis
- Cecil co ½ dis
- Frederick co ½ dis
- Cumberland ½ dis
- Washington co ½ dis
- Hagerstown ½ dis
- Salisbury ½ dis
- Havre de Grace, Far & Millers failed
- DIS OF COLUMBIA
- All solvent banks ½ dis

NEW YORK.
- City banks par a ½ dis
- Solvent co bks ½ dis
- James bk 20 dis
- New Rochelle 20 dis
- Far bk Onondaga 30 dis

MAINE.
- Mercan bk Bangor 1½ dis
- All other solv't bks ½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
- All solvent bks ½ dis

VERMONT.
- Bank of St Albans ½ dis
- All solvent banks ½ dis

CONNECTICUT.
- All solvent banks ½ dis
- Bk N Amer Seymour 1 dis
- East Bk West Kill, 50 dis
- Woodbury bk 99 dis

MASSACHUSETTS.
- All solvent banks ½ dis
- Dorchester and Milton stolen notes no sale

RHODE ISLAND.
- All solvent banks ½ dis
- Phoenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes, no sale

CANADA.
- Montreal 1½ dis

VIRGINIA.
- Bk of Va & brch's ½ dis
- Far Bk & brch's ½ dis
- Valley Bk & brch's ½ dis
- Ex Bk & brch's ½ dis
- Wheeling ½ dis

NORTH CAROLINA.
- All solvent banks 1 dis
- Small notes 1½ dis

SOUTH CAROLINA.
- All solvent banks 1 dis
- Small notes 1½ dis

GEORGIA.
- All solvent banks 1 dis
- Bk St Mary's 25 dis
- Small notes 1½ dis

ALABAMA.
- Bk of Mobile ½ dis
- Country banks 3 dis

MISSISSIPPI.
- All banks uncertain

LOUISIANA.
- All solvent banks 1 dis

OHIO.
- Bk of Wooster 80 dis
- Bk of Norwalk 60 dis
- All solvent banks 1 dis
- Small notes 1 dis

KENTUCKY.
- All solvent banks ½ dis
- Small notes 1½ dis

INDIANA.
- All solvent banks 1½ dis
- Small notes 1½ dis

ILLINOIS.
- Bk of Illinois 80 dis
- State Bk do 75 dis
- Good Free bks 1a3 dis

MISSOURI.
- All solvent banks 1 dis

TENNESSEE.
- All solvent banks 1½ dis
- Small notes 3 dis
- East Tennessee 90 dis

MICHIGAN.
- Gov't Stock bk 1 dis
- All solvent banks 1 dis

ARKANSAS.
- All banks no sale

WISCONSIN.
- All banks uncertain

TEXAS.
- Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston —

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An overwhelming mass of evidence.—*Portland Eclectic.*

Mrs. Stowe has fully sustained her world-wide fame, in her Key. It is a most triumphant vindication of the truth of Uncle Tom's Cabin.—*Sabbath Recorder, N. Y.*

A terrific revelation. No wonder John Wesley called slavery "the sum of all villainies."—*Cincinnati Journal.*

Mrs. Stowe's Key is a volume of truths, strong as Holy Writ.—*Detroit Daily Advertiser.*

Everybody who reads this book will come to the conclusion that facts are stubborn things.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

We beg every man to read this book candidly and carefully.—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

It possesses a terrible interest, and will command an immense circulation.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

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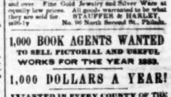

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Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a long fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral. Yours, with respect,

JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.

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Selected Poetry.

THE ELLE-MAID GAY.

The Ellen-maid, Wood-woman, is a German old, who in Suabe appears like a beautiful damsel, but soon from behind is hollow, like a mask. She is often found sitting by the fountain in the forest. In winter she wears a cap of straw and a kirtle; but whenever the golden glitter, immediately leaves it. Such damsels are not, however, peculiar to Germany.

Ridest by the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig—
Ridest by the woodland grey?
Who sits in the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig?
It is the Elle-maid gay.

A kiss on thy lip-lue, bridegroom Ludwig—
Thou as the dove of May.
Thank on thy corn love, brown-haired Ludwig,
And not on an Elle-maid gay.

She sits 'neath a linden, singing, singing,
Though her dropped lids nothing say!
But her beauty lures whether smiling or singing,
For she is an Elle-maid gay.

* * * * *

"Then hast drank of my wine-cup, Ludwig, Ludwig;
Then hast drank of my lips the day:
I am not more than thou thing, Ludwig,
Though I am an Elle-maid gay.

"Ride fast from the woodland, Ludwig, Ludwig—
Her laughter trucks his way—
Did'st thou think a fair woman, Ludwig, Ludwig,
And found her an Elle-maid gay?

* * * * *

"Fine—fine!" daily cry. "He is mad, young Ludwig;
He rode through the streets to-day
With his beard unshorn, and his cloak a-tore-tore;
He has seen the Elle-maid gay."

"I fear him not, my knight, my Ludwig,"
(The bride's dear lips did say),
"Though he comes from the woodland. He is my Ludwig;
He saw not the Elle-maid gay."

"Welcome, my lord—my love—my Ludwig!"—
But her smile grew pale as she met the eyes
As she knew by the glare of the mad eyes' stare
—She had met with the Elle-maid gay.

"God have thee—God pity thee, oh, my Ludwig!"
Nor her true sense turned to the grave
"There sat no more with the blanched weary Ludwig
But a fiend Elle-maid grey.

"I kiss thee I say thee—I, thy Ludwig!"
And the cruel fiended bright to the day;
"Some day a fond bride," laughed out Ludwig,
"Has a false Elle-maid gay.

"I kissed thee—I slew thee—I, thy Ludwig!
Now we will sport together!"
Still there were the Elle-maid gay.

Selected Sketch.

THE PANTHER SENTINELS.

Jessamy Count lived twenty miles West of Mobilton City. Old Black Diorite, as good a judge of negro property country has ever been found, out of Africa, that time means region back of Madison City. Old Black Diorite, as good a judge of negro as any human being, laid out in 1837, while cutting with him at Montrose, that the county styled "The fine and Fox Purchase," as the best land he ever saw, and he had but lately returned from his Government Tour through the United States, and, besides that, was fastened with the lay of land as far West as the Rocky Mountains. I bear testimony to the same fact, and will maintain it against all odds, that Iowa is the best farming country in the United States, and were it not so extremely cold in winter, my four children should be bundled themselves, cultivating and building, in hopes that some how pre-emption law would secure to them the rights acquired by the pioneer of the species. Among the rest who were engaged in this enterprise, were Uncle Bobby Rot, and his nephew, Jeremy Count.

I shall not weary the reader with an extended account of these worthies. Suffice it to say that such as form the staple of the stories of Longstreet and Hooper, and, would to God, the facetious writers have used the staple well.—Uncle Bobby was old and inconsequent, quarrelsome and independent. Marks of hard service in the cause of Bacchus, were upon all parts of his person, and those who knew him best, "old soul," in 1839, gave his fame in few words:—"Well, if this thing hasn't had more brains than any other human fix'd a machine."

His nephew, Jeremy Count, was raised up, very unfortunately, as an orphan, unfortunately for two reasons: that it is hard to raise the promising indolence of kind parents, and still harder to fall into such hands as those of Bobby Rot. But so it was,—the only education he ever got was the first beggings of old Bobby, the only work he ever did was to walk twice a week to Burlington, to fill old Bobby's jug, the only discipline exercised upon him was a hearty kick wherever he was gone too long, or broke the jug. With this brief sketch of character, I may prudently proceed with my story.—About the first of May, Bobby Rot had a "raising," and as raisin days of whisky was demanded.

Starting Jeremy on ahead with the jug, he followed after, having the keg strapped to his back, and his hearty ride on his shoulder, looking as much like a pointer as ever bird dog. Nobody knows looks like anything else. The precious fluid was duly purchased, and the steeple pair retraced their steps, Jeremy now on the lead, but elevated by a considerable portion of the contents—for my what you will of old Rot, he would not refuse to others the comfort that he took himself. The journey lay across several small prairies, and then entered a fine wood, ing through Skunk River Bottom, a dense thicket of cane, pagaw and other obstructive growth. The travellers left Burlington in good season to have arrived home by dark, but, unfortunately, the youth, not being accustomed to consuming his capacity for spirits, allowed himself to indulge too freely, and was compelled to stop for several hours in consequence, a proceeding that excited the wrath of the patriarch to an unlimited extent. Jeremy was the most offended at the delay, or at Jeremy's weakness, cannot at this late period be ascertained. Sunset overshadowed the prairies before the boy could be sufficiently aroused to proceed on the journey. Another hour was consumed in right earnest, for there was Egyptian darkness just as they entered the bottom. Not a moon was in the sky—it never is on a dark night when most wanted—and as for the stars, though there were thousands of them wishing over that beautiful prairie landscape, not one peep to enter through the dense and super tree into a sane thinker. The road was a mere pathway, sometimes traceable by an ox's gore, it is true,—not by such cues but such ranges as anybody ever saw except border settlers—but it never did run in a straight line, and tongue to match. Our ride in the bush made it the farthest one in its most literal interpretation—"where the tree falleth, there shall it lie"—and when one blows across the face, the quietly tried to get out of the way of the soon, and turn the road round it. It is true that a Dutchman once brought a wagon over our custom, by cutting a large tree out of the way, but we reasoned at him so much for his folly, that he never repeated it, and at the same time the principle has been universally acknowledged.

It follows, therefore, that Uncle Bobby Rot and his nephew, Jeremy Count, each tongue-cute in the way of travelling a barbarous world, nevertheless, find considerable difficulty in travelling through Skunk River Bottom in the dark: the more especially, as the keg on the one had one eye, and the nephew had exhausted both of his by the frequent visits to the jug before. The first catastrophe was the fall of Uncle Bobby over a swinging grape-vine, by which he broke his guardian off the second time was a flying visit of Jeremy down a sharp ravine, which, at the loss of the jug, left the third and last hearing the path and finding themselves completely out of them. The hearings these three following each other in close succession, and the last capping the climax of their misfortune. Out of breath at last, the elder withdrew the sob from his keg, and commenced to drown his sorrows as rapidly as possible by getting drunk, a feat he would have soon achieved had it not been for a certain sharp, ringing sound which thrilled through the forest, and caused him suddenly to drop the keg and spring to his feet. For a moment all was still, save the loud beating of two terrified hearts, and then arose a snuffing sound like the voice of many mosquitoes arying the their last bites, that chilled the very blood in their veins.

"It's a young one that's got lost," whispered Jeremy, to which his venerable guardian sternly replied:

"Young one! It's a painter!"

Another and another scream echoed through the woods, and, by their increasing loudness, soon taken that the animal was rapidly approaching them.

No time was to be lost if they would escape, but where could they go? to flee was impossible; one hound of the animal would settle that. Both looked around in the moonlight, as if to see where a tree was worthy their.

"Head out a hollow," cried the old man, and off he shot, the last of the four readers who have travelled on the upper Mississippi, have doubtless been struck with the wonderful size of the larger sycamores, that range from six feet to twenty in diameter. After they grow to a certain size, they are universally hollow, and that they furnish to the settlers convenient receptacles for grain, corks for wells, and with small trouble of earting and removing. Those cavities are usually open at the ground, and give the shelter of a house in winter, as well as wilder animals.—If indeed a wilder animal can be found in the world than an untamed boy.

Uncle Bobby knew those things well enough, and his wits at this crisis did not forsake him. In leaving the keg, prudence indeed, but not at precious as life, he commenced feeling around the base of the larger tree for a hole, slowly followed by the boy, who was in an alarming state of nervous apprehension. It was not long until they discovered in the moonlight, a hole, more aloof on the back of a small creek, that seemed to have expanded considerably into the water. On its upper side was a hole, but little larger than a man's body, and nearly on a level with the ground; and without this hole they first introduced himself, and after him the elder, who had the presumption to procure a chunk of wood as a barrier in case of attack.

The few minutes spent in this way would doubtless have been fatal to both, for the panther in a few mighty bounds that crushed through the thick cane like a tempest, reached the very spot where they had stood when they first heard the cry, but the *smell of the whiskey* caused her instinct to forsake the dainty meat before them. Never did a penetrated drunkard inhabit the finest of his dreams with the pleasure than this unsophisticated denizen of the forest. With long snuffs that the imprisoned pair could distinctly hear, he labaled the portion about and again, at times lapping the sides of the creek with his tongue, stopping to sniff at the longhole with a delight that would have gone to the heart of "Tam. O'Shanter and Master Johnny," had they been there to see.

This luxurious indulgence was continued for some minutes, but was broken off at last by a cry that came from another direction, and pointed out the position of a second panther, many months in the field. The cry was immediately answered, and in an instant the two were together carrying coughs and rubicon whiskey out.

From the evil effects which followed, it is probable that the two fellow lapped up a virgin intact change of the whiskey, as it flowed from the longhole of the keg, for they growled and cuffed each other until a considerable noise was heard among the dry leaves where they stood. Old friends, however, soon forget injuries, and so did they, for they lay down side by side to rest. And now all might have been quiet with the two prisoners, for the probability is that the two panthers would have presently departed and left them to prey for daylight, but for the unfortunate ingenuity of Bobby's, who, reflecting on the various catastrophes of the night, old and young, at the bottom of the keg, breaking the greatest, and confinement in the hollow, which abounded in fleas, as hog in bear grease, served the whole considerably and boiling over with anger, called out, *aunt nicodemus* about their patience.

The words were no sooner out than both the animals sprang to their feet with a deep growl, turned their noses fairly shooting fire, tossed the hapless men, and communicated with each other in the manner of the bears. Another pause sufficed for explanation. By that mysterious instinct which brutes possess, the tale was told, the plan of action laid, and they sprang simultaneously, one to the front and the other to the rear of the unfortunate pair.

Oh how Uncle Bobby wished for his rifle, as he saw the broad forehead of the beast within a few feet of him! The fairly reap as to what a chance he was missing for a "painter hide" and bounty, as he had killed the last one in Burlington. But now his love of gain changed into love of life, as the panther, with a mighty growl, seized the chunk which Bobby had placed in front of the hole, and commenced its destruction with its claws and teeth. The next efforts of the pair on the inside. For a while it seemed as if he would gain the prize, but the other panther, who stood watching and stood looking on, but did not know enough to help himself, and would have fallen a victim to Uncle Rot's for a moral certainty. As it was, the old man lost a coat sleeve, the boy a finger nail, both torn off by the big fore-claws of the animal.

Unappointed in his efforts, the panthers exchanged the exercise of pulling for that of scratching, and it not ever save a little dog with such a hole. Twenty years, indeed, would not a rat hole, you can form some idea of the way his cat claws tore the big fore-claws of the animal. Uncle Bobby clung to his chunk, however, and although both eyes, mouth and nose were filled with the sand earth that flew in chunks, he kept up a good heart, and was busily settling his self and his hopes to alarm his assailants. It is a fact that the human voice is generally dreaded by wild animals, but there is a sense in terror as well as power, for the panthers, intimidated by the tone and sense of the whiskey, the voice being human blood, seemed quite regardless of the old man's voice, and scratched away harder than ever. Not so the boy. After crying out a few times, he must have heard the earth away to the roots of the trees, for his voice ceased to make an impression, and again they paused in their exertions. A moment's consultation, and one of the panthers, with a loud growl, went to the creek, evidently in search of a hole by which to enjoy the coming struggle. This was the most trying moment of the whole night, for had such an entrance existed, the imprisoned man well knew that it was all up for him. The rat were not such a moment's purchase.

It is a peculiarity, however, of these frontier settlers, that they are not easily discouraged, and they cannot win the game, at least to play it out. The panther soon found the hole, and, with his death-bed, to order his brown-kinie, pushed and rifle to be laid at his side, that he might be ready to send death to the heart of the birds, and it was done. Uncle Bobby was dreamy some on Skunk River had been covered deep, so he resolutely drew his spring body, bound himself upright, and reached for the master's descent, determined to "die like a man." If he did not do it, it was no suspense and he was relieved of this difficulty, for the panther returned down upon the resident with a frantic concern of those who are about to scratching and then another pause.

The hope, as I observed, was a leaning one, the closer being towards the water. It was old Bobby's opinion that the panthers could not or not, they were pursuing just the right plan to make it fail. Crack went one of the upper limbs of the tree, and it broke off and with a loud splash into the creek. Crack went one of the large limbs, and it went to join its companion. It was worth a hunt of such, corroborates the assertion.

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